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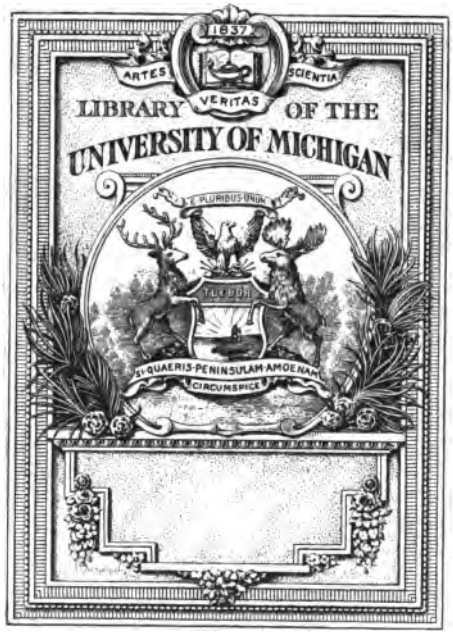

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TWO MONTHS ABROAD:

27241

OR, A TRIP TO

ENGLAND, FRANCE, BADEN, PRUSSIA, AND BELGIUM.

IN AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1843.

BY A RAIL-ROAD DIRECTOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Elias Haskett Derby

BOSTON:
REDDING & CO., 8 STATE STREET.
1844.

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Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the Year Eighteen Hundred and Forty-Eour,
By E. H. DERBY,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

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05-24-28 BF

TWO MONTHS ABROAD.

LETTER I.

A Glance at Europe.

J. T. B., Esq.

My Dear Sir — Since our last interview in State street, in the brief space of sixty-two days, I have twice crossed the Atlantic; devoted a week to London and its environs, another to Paris and Versailles; given the principal part of a day to each of the great cities of Liverpool, Birmingham, Brighton, Dieppe, Rouen, Nancy, Strasburg, Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, Frankfort, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Verviers, Liege, Malines, Antwerp, Oxford, Derby, York, Leeds, and Manchester; examined the *Chemins de fer* of France, Germany, and Belgium; the railways of England, with the stations and depots of each country; travelled in cars of the first, second, third, and fourth classes, in post-chaises, *fiacres*, *cabriolets*, and omnibuses, in the various compartments of diligences, on the top of English post-coaches; lodged in magnificent hotels, with princes and nobles, in commercial houses with 'travellers' and dissenters; sailed down the Rhine, from Mayence, by Coblentz, to Cologne, amid towering mountains and vine-clad hills, crowned by the ruins of ancient castles and feudal halls; paused to admire the palaces and cathedrals that have exhausted the wealth of nations, the cloistered abbey and crumbling monastery; sailed up and down that great artery of commerce, the Thames; traversed the classic halls and green lawns of Oxford; attended an anti-corn-law meeting in Oxfordshire, and seen lords and squires put down by the eloquence and talent of self-made men; explored the courts of Westminster, the galleries and museums of Paris, Versailles, and Antwerp; and conversed with all classes, from the peasant and mechanic to the most distinguished and scientific; and now, after effecting an important negotiation, am enabled, by the power of steam, to resume my avocations at home, almost without having been missed. A few years since, sixty days would scarcely have sufficed for one passage across the ocean, attended with discomforts and privations. But now, one has barely time to eat a few pleasant dinners, to form a few pleasant acquaintances, to learn a few sea phrases, take a few walks on deck, and see a few of the changeful features of old ocean, before the steam-ship enters her port, and the curtain of the old world rises; and such is the precision of the movement, that, on our return, the very day is calculated, and the wife sets her table for our reception.

To one reared in a growing country like ours, with few memorials of the past, amid enterprise and improvement, and constant predictions of the future, and in the midst of the strife and turmoil of incessant competition, it is refreshing to enjoy, for a brief space, however rapid be our movement, the comparative calm and repose of the old world; to gaze at the varying costumes and cultivation of each region, at the antique

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implements of agriculture, the primitive carriages and dwellings; and pleasant again is it to return to our own city, as I have done, and be able to say, as I am, that I have seen no other spot, in a wide circuit, which surpasses it, either in education, general comfort, enterprise, sagacity, rapid growth, or prospects of future expansion.

In the series of letters I inclose, written *currente calamo*, and under impressions produced by new scenes and associations, I have pictured the incidents of my tour, and the suggestions to which they have given birth. And although, in the haste of the voyage, I may have occasionally made myself amenable to criticism, I have, at least, given you an honest and fearless expression of my views, whether they make for me or against me,

I remain very sincerely yours,

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, October 4, 1843.

LETTER II.

The Voyage from Boston to Halifax.

We pass Cunard's wharf on Tuesday afternoon, at nine minutes past two o'clock, with fifty-four passengers, for Halifax and England. After a pleasant run down the harbor, against a flood tide, we discharge our pilot at three o'clock, at the Light, and bid adieu to Boston.

The sea is like a summer lake — scarcely a ripple on the water; our captain and officers courteous, attentive, and obliging, our fare excellent, and every thing agreeable. The shore rapidly recedes, and ere we leave the dinner table, at five o'clock, we have lost sight of land, and see it no more until we make Shelburne Lights, on the coast of Nova Scotia, arriving here this morning, in a run of forty-four hours from Boston.

We have with us six ladies; and, to give you an idea of the state of the sea and weather, not one of them has been seasick. Sitting down to our sumptuous fare, with fresh salmon, fresh ducks, turkeys, lamb, pastry, and fruit, we might almost imagine that the dining-hall of the Tremont, or rather of our friend Warriner, was quietly floating down the Connecticut with the seated guests. Perhaps, however, there is this difference: the air is cool and invigorating, reminding you of Nahant in a summer evening.

The noble round of beef which graces our table, does great credit to my clients, Potter and Leland, of Quincy Market, and the cheese is the best of Cheshire and Stilton.

In two particulars I have been disappointed. I had anticipated an unpleasant jar from the engine, which might disturb my sleep, and supposed the cinders and coal-dust might be annoying; but we have neither. I write and sleep as easily as if ashore. In both these particulars, and in steadiness of motion, these deep sea steamers far surpass our coasting steam-boats.

I have passed a very pleasant hour in examining the engines and boilers of our floating home, under the guidance of Mr. Babbit, one of our most able and successful mechanics, who is our fellow-passenger. The mechanism is very perfect, and the arrangements admirable. The coal, which lines the sides of the ship, descends, by its own gravity, to trap-doors near the mouth of the furnaces. Glass tubes, containing a water-gauge, stand before the engineer, indicating the height of the water in the boilers. The steam indicators appear both above and below the deck, showing the height of the steam, which is usually about seven pounds to the inch. A brass instrument gives the number of pounds of salt in each gallon in the boilers, and when it becomes too dense, the boiler is insulated and cleaned.

The ship carries a surgeon, a very accomplished and gentlemanly man, and is provided with a cow, and an ice-house.

Our passengers are gathered from all sections of the country — from Boston, New York, New Orleans, Canada, the West Indies, and other places, but get on very harmoniously together.

And now 'for merry England.' Our stevedores have just added eight hundred sacks to our stock of coal. We have written to our wives, strolled through the streets of Halifax—

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which reminds me a little of our neighboring city of Portland, excepting only the sprinkling of red coats — and now are summoned to resume our voyage.

Yours, very sincerely,

MASSACHUSETTS.

Halifax, August 3, 1843.

P. S. I have looked in vain for the reefs and breakers which are so vividly, fairly, and disinterestedly portrayed in the New York Herald, as endangering this route.

LETTER III.

Voyage from Halifax to Liverpool.

In my letter of August 3d, from Halifax, I announced my arrival at that place, and my pleasant sojourn for a few hours on shore, during which I partook of a glass of wine at the hospitable mansion of our friend C——, the bold spirit who established the steam line from Boston to Liverpool, and who has derived from it, as he deserved, some substantial benefits; he has, however, in common with other Provincial houses, suffered from the depression of ships and timber in the British markets.

At three P. M. we cast off from the Cunard wharf, and, with a clear sky and calm sea, run down the noble harbor of Halifax, and take a parting view of the strong fortresses which England has placed there to curb her adventurous neighbors. 'In peace prepare for war,' is the motto of England, and numerous artificers are busily engaged in constructing new lines of defence — adapting the works to resist the new engines of modern warfare. At Halifax we receive an accession to our numbers, including several very agreeable persons, who, as we leave the harbor, meet us at dinner. The sea continues smooth, the air refreshing, and I sleep soundly through the night.

Friday, August 4. A delightful morning, not a ripple upon the ocean, the steamer making nine knots, and passing Cape Breton. In the afternoon a light southerly breeze, and we set jib and foresail.

Saturday, August 5. Rise from a refreshing sleep, take my morning walk on deck, a dead calm upon the sea. At daybreak run through a fleet of fishermen on a bank off Newfoundland, taking them quite by surprise, and exciting no little alarm. During the day count six sail, all at least five miles distant, and see a whale spouting. At four and a half P. M. make Cape Race, distinctly visible until seven and a half P. M., and distinguish several vessels between us and the land. The thermometer suddenly falls twelve degrees, and we discover two small icebergs; we commiserate the poor people of Newfoundland, subject, as they are, to such cheerless visitors in midsummer. Our speed nine to ten knots per hour.

Sunday, August 6. Crossing the Banks of Newfoundland. As we approach the easterly verge of the Banks, a swell rolls in from the eastward, and the motion of the steamer increases. The rims are applied to the tables. At ten A. M. the bell rings for prayers, and our worthy captain reads the Church Service, in an audible tone, to the passengers and crew.

Monday, August 7. Rise from slumbers occasionally broken by a heavy swell from the northward, and look out upon a sea in constant motion, but unruffled by a breeze. The steamer rolls, lifting her wheels alternately from the sea, and her speed diminishes to eight and a half knots per hour, but my spirits and appetite do not flag. A moderate breeze comes in from the south, smoothing the sea, filling all our sails, and increasing our speed to eleven knots per hour. The day continues fine, and the sun sinks majestically into the ocean. The time is passed in reading, conversation, and exercise, and I walk the deck until midnight.

Tuesday, August 8. A delightful morning; a fresh breeze from the west expands our wings, and carries our speed to eleven knots. At twelve, M., the captain, as usual, posts his daily card with the latitude, longitude, and distance, and we find we have, in our first week, reached longitude 38 34, latitude 49 12. No ships are visible, but several porpoises accompany us in our rapid flight across the deep.

Wednesday, August 9. Our speed continues,

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and by noon we have run 245 miles in the last twenty-three and a half hours, which is the length of our day, as we run so rapidly eastward. Amuse myself with reading the 'Attaché,' by Judge Haliburton, which does not sustain his reputation. His rude assault on the American Minister is not enlivened by a sprinkling of wit, and his anecdotes argue little for the virtue of English women. His object seems to be, to fawn upon England, to court the tories by disparaging the United States, to bring the Provincials into notice, and to intimate that a few offices, 'properly' distributed, would insure their loyalty — an object which may have some connexion with his recent visit to England.

Beside me at the table sits a most intelligent and agreeable merchant of Jamaica, who, after thirty years' residence abroad, returns to educate his children, and enjoy his fortune at home; full of anecdotes, liberal in his views, familiar with business and sound principles, — a noble specimen of the British merchant, polished by intercourse with the world. Opposite are two agreeable ladies, and a very pleasant Irish gentleman, from St. Johns. On my left, an intelligent manufacturer of the Bay State, a good specimen of her sons. We usually sit in agreeable conversation for an hour after meals.

Thursday, August 10. For the last twenty-four hours vapory clouds overhang us, rising with a fresh southerly breeze; our speed twelve knots, giving us 270 miles during the day. We receive every attention from the steward and waiters, who furnish the choicest wines, and every delicacy we may require, at a moment's notice. Captain Lott is extremely courteous, and appears a most careful and admirable seaman. We are flying with the speed of a bird across the sea; scarcely one of our company is seasick, and we are predicting the hour on Saturday which will present to us the coast of Ireland.

Friday, August 11. The wind freshens to a gale from the southwest, before which we fly, amid blue waves capped with foam, sprinkled over the surface of the sea, making 267 miles. Before night a calm succeeds the gale.

Saturday, August 12. A charming morn and smooth sea, with a light air from the south. Two ships appear in the distance — a most grateful sight to us, lone voyagers as we have been, for the last five days, across the waste of waters; numerous porpoises sport around us. At two P. M. we make the western shores of Ireland, having made the run in six days and eighteen hours from Cape Race. At five P. M. speak the Margaret steamer, for Halifax, and in the evening pass numerous fishing-boats, and the lights of Cape Clear, Cork, and Kinsale.

Sunday, August 13. Before breakfast pass the Tuskar light, a solitary tower in midchannel; suddenly a dense fog sets in, and veils the coast from our view. At two P. M. the fog lifts; we make Holyhead, and catch a glimpse of the mountain pastures of Wales. At four P. M. we pass the Skerries light; at five P. M. Pont Linas, the pilot station, and a steam-tug in quest of vessels. No pilot appearing, we run to the light below the Mersey, take a pilot between the two light ships, and, to receive him, *check our engine for the first time* since we left Halifax, — a fact more eloquent than words, in praise of Napier, the Scotch engineer. At nine P. M. we are in the Mersey; and Liverpool, the mart of American commerce, with its miles of gas lamps, sparkles in the distance. As we advance, we announce our arrival by rockets and cannon, threading our way through a fleet of ships in motion. A miniature steamer comes off for the mails, which, with the worthy officer in charge — a midshipman under Nelson, and still a lieutenant — are slid down a plank; and between ten and eleven P. M. we are safe at the entrance of one of the noble docks of Liverpool, in twelve days and eight hours from Boston; and I remain,

Yours ever,

MASSACHUSETTS.

Liverpool, August 14, 1843.

LETTER IV.

Liverpool — Birmingham — English Rail-ways — Rural Scenery — A Trip to London.

We rise at an early hour on Monday, August 14, to touch the shores of England; to

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greet, for the first time, a land associated with our earliest studies, and hallowed by the ashes of our fathers. The Caledonia floats in a magnificent dock, amid ships and steamers of the largest class; an officer of the customs, in a blue coat, walks the deck, and a fleecy drapery of clouds veils the sky from our view. A wall rises between us and the Mersey, while a series of docks, each containing many acres, bristling with masts, and encircled by paved wharves, extend for nearly four miles, between the Mersey and the city. The walls are solid stone, and there are locks for outlets. We land and examine the commercial navy, among which the ships of our own country are conspicuous. An immense wagon stops beside the steamer, on which all our trunks are piled, and drawn to the depot of the customs. As my room-mate is a bearer of despatches, we are treated with great deference, and dismissed by the officer, after a hasty glance at our trunks, and a civil inquiry if we have cigars. We take a four-wheeled cab to our lodgings, in Colquitt street, and there sit down to a beef-steak, which does credit to English graziers.

To a Bostonian, accustomed to a clear sky and bright colors, Liverpool, with its dingy bricks, and humid atmosphere, has a dull aspect; but its substantial warehouses, well-built streets, and public edifices, impress one with its importance. The town, as a corporation, is the sole owner of the docks, from which it derives an annual revenue of £200,000, and is now constructing another, more spacious, to accommodate the increase of shipping, and what is more, it owes little, or nothing — a fact worthy of notice by some American cities.

After various calls, and inspecting the depot of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, with Mr. Booth, one of the projectors of the line, at six P. M. we take the train for Birmingham, with Mr. C——, my *compagnon de voyage;* travel by the first class, to avoid the night air, and reach the 'Stork,' a commercial inn in Birmingham, at eleven and a half P. M. Our rate of travelling on the Liverpool and Manchester, and Grand Junction roads is the same as on the rail-ways of Massachusetts, namely, twenty miles per hour, stops included.

Tuesday, August 15. Our inn is situate on a public square, and is conducted by a young hostess, with several female assistants. I shall not soon forget the courteous reception and kind attention which made us perfectly at home, or the accomplished manners, self-possession, and aptitude for business of the ladies, conducting, as they do, with apparent ease and success, and with but one male assistant, 'the boots,' an extensive hotel. Under the guidance of a friend we take a view of the town, substantially built of brick and stone. Its staple article, hardware, is made in many small factories, in the rear of warehouses fronting the streets. We pass through a manufactory; the operatives generally less intelligent, and less well-clad than our own, and many processes conducted by manual labor, to which mechanism and water-power are applied in New England. The principal attraction of Birmingham, to us, is the free school — a splendid granite structure, in the gothic style, fronting a principal street, and recently built at a cost of £50,000. The building is apparently 200 feet in front, by 100 deep, is divided into several lofty apartments, beautifully finished with English oak, and well lighted, one of which is appropriated to painting, designing, and architecture, — branches much neglected in our own country. The funds of the institution are also applied to the collegiate education of the most promising scholars. This establishment was founded by Edward the Sixth, by the grant of Abbey lands near the village of Birmingham, yielding a rent of £20 per year. The growth of manufactures has converted these lands into building lots, the leases of which now yield £10,000 annually, and are daily becoming more valuable. An adjacent village, with a similar endowment of the same date, differently invested, and less prosperous, still receives its original grant of £20 a year.

At one o'clock we take the cars for London, traversing a country highly cultivated, and generally productive. What surprises me most, is the fact, that for the entire dis-

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tance of 112 miles, not a single ledge or tract of waste land is visible. The country, either level or slightly undulating, divided into squares, by hedges, much of it in mowing, or luxuriant pastures, the cattle and the sheep standing fetlock deep in the grass, and very fat and gentle. Along the hedges are scattering trees, and clumps of wood on the eminences; no solitary farm-houses, but here and there a village, and gentlemen's seats, few and far between. The rail-way, one of the most prosperous in England, is extremely well conducted; our speed about 22 miles per hour. The road is constructed at a vast outlay, over an easy country: the aim of the engineer, apparently, having been to approximate to an air-line and a dead-level. To effect this, recourse has been had to cuts, embankments, and tunnels, involving great expense, and an immense annual outlay for repairs, which might have been easily avoided by waving the line, increasing the gradients, and conforming to the surface of the country. A slight addition to the power of the engines would have rendered them sufficient. In cars, the English are altogether behind us; they still adhere to the coach-pattern, on four wheels, with side doors, abandoned by us at least six years since. The first-class carriage is handsomely painted and glazed, and well padded, but is low and confined; the second class has no cushions, and has open sides without glass; the third class is entirely open, without seats, and resembles the short, open freight-cars between Worcester and Boston. The nobles, and gentry, and merchants moving by night, travel in the first class; the middle classes in the second, and often in the third class; and so unreasonable are the charges on this line, that many coaches, vans, and canal-boats run in opposition. There has been a great waste of capital on the depots, and, to an American eye, more than half the outlay of the line appears injudicious. But such is the wealth of the district and commercial importance of the route, that any kind of rail-road must be successful.

As we approach London, the landscape becomes more varied and picturesque. It is the midst of harvest, and the reapers are gathering the wheat, which stands well ripened, but thin upon the ground. To the northward the crops are more luxuriant.

The suburbs of the mighty city at length appear. Scattering houses and tea gardens are seen. We pass through a tunnel, and alight in a spacious and airy depot, near Euston square; where omnibuses, lower, more compact, and better painted than our own, await the train under cover; one of which conveys us, at a shilling each, to the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden.

Yours, very sincerely,

MASSACHUSETTS.

London, August 16, 1843.

LETTER V.

London.

IMMEDIATELY after our arrival in London, on the evening of August 15, we wait upon the American Minister, Mr. Everett, at No. 48 Grosvenor Place, and deliver the despatches intrusted to my friend, Mr. C——. We find Mr. Everett in fine health, in a suitable mansion, situate in an agreeable part of London, not far from the public offices in Whitehall and Downing streets. He evinces great interest in all that is passing in America, and gives us some valuable hints as to the subject of our mission. On our return to our lodgings, we enjoy a view of Hyde Park and Buckingham Palace.

Wednesday, August 16. A walk of a few minutes across Covent Garden, (now a vegetable and fruit market, where we see a profusion of brocoli, cauliflower, plums, and gooseberries as large as plums,) leads us to the Strand, for many centuries one of the great thoroughfares of London, and still thronged by passengers and vehicles of every kind, but not in a much greater degree than Washington street, or Broadway. We pass St. Clement Dane's, St. Paul's, and other noted churches, whose exterior is sadly defaced by the joint effects of time, moisture, and smoke, operating on a stone much softer

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than our New England granite. Names and streets, familiar to us from boyhood, meet the eye as we proceed. Paternoster Row, Ludgate Hill, Fleet street, Cheapside, are passed, and we find ourselves among the merchant princes of this mart of commerce; wondering that men of almost regal wealth, with splendid mansions, and country seats, and luxurious furniture, should be content to pass their business hours in narrow alleys, and dark and contracted offices, rudely furnished, and crowded with clerks. As we pass from merchant to merchant, we get occasional views of the New Exchange, half finished, of the Bank, Monument, and of London Bridge. The latter is built of a granite which reminds us of Massachusetts. Architecture has done and is doing much for London, but, in materials, Boston has been far more favored by Providence. With the solitary exception of London Bridge, there is no material there which compares with our native granite, freestone, or marble. It is for us to determine, whether we shall properly avail of these advantages. We return to our lodgings at six P. M., to dine. Our associates at dinner, an English merchant, and Scotch professor, both intelligent men. The former, recently returned from Calcutta, speaks in the warmest terms of commendation of the captains of our Boston ships, trading to that port. The latter, after expressing a strong interest in our country, introduces the topic of repudiation, and seems delighted with the ground on which we place it, namely, that the whole current of public opinion ran counter to it in our country; that it was the doctrine preached by renegades from Europe, and proclaimed by reckless men amid the distress and alarm attending a commercial revulsion; listened to, for a moment, by communities suffering from frauds and disastrous speculations; that no State would sully its fair fame, or the honor of the country, by its adoption, and with the return of prosperity the indebted States would pay. America would not become a by-word and reproach through the civilized world. Our dinner concludes with a toast from the Scotchman, complimentary to the States.

After dinner we repair to the House of Commons. About fifty members are present when we enter, and the number gradually increases. An animated discussion takes place, on the subject of admitting the truth in evidence, in proceedings for libel, and the discussion is well sustained by the Attorney-General Follet, Messrs. Buller, Macaulay, of the Edinburgh Review, and others. The members are attentive to the debate, and occasionally respond to the speaker with 'aye, aye,' 'no, no,' or 'hear, hear,' and there is no movement or rustling of papers, as in our House of Representatives at Washington. The style of debate is terse, and to the point; the illustrations in good taste, and nothing collateral introduced. There is little eloquence, and occasionally a little hesitation, but the gentlemen who speak appear masters of the subject. Their tone is almost colloquial, and the utmost courtesy is observed towards other members; indeed, there is much which might be copied, with advantage, in both our State and National assemblies. When will our Congress have the wisdom to move into a hall built with some regard to acoustics, to discard its desks, and to confine its members to their subject?

Thursday, August 17. At the suggestion of a friend, remove to Morley's hotel, at Charing Cross, Tavistock Square, a very central and good position, and the house excellent. Living at these houses, however, is very expensive. The ordinary charges, including servants, but excluding wines, vary from four to five dollars a day, each item nearly double the rate at the Astor or Tremont.

After visiting Hyde Park, and the public buildings on Whitehall street, we embark near the new houses of Parliament on the Thames, in a miniature steamer, about ten feet wide, with an engine of eighteen horse power, and a crew of five men and boys, and run down to London Bridge, touching at various landings. The river is thronged with these steamers from Richmond to Gravesend, and you may sail in them from one end of London to the other for four pence, or eight cents of our money, and run to Gravesend, twenty-four miles, for a shilling. They have no guards or promenade deck, and the boil-

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ers and engine occupy the principal part of the hold. The passengers stand or sit in the open air, exposed, of course, to the wind and rain. In speed they do not generally exceed eight to ten miles per hour, and being painted black, have a dull appearance. These river boats are altogether inferior to the American. Not so the English sea-steamers. The Thames steamers are constantly passing and repassing, and many are enlivened and made attractive by bands of music.

As we run down the river under the lofty and massive stone and iron arches of the bridges, by which it is spanned, we pass innumerable barges, lighters, and steamers. London, however, disappoints you, as viewed from the river. With the exception of St. Paul's, Somerset House, and the Temple Gardens, you see little but houses and stores, of various ages and styles, crowded in upon the river. It would be greatly improved by a noble street or quay on either side, with uniform ranges of buildings. After transacting business, we take a seat on the Blackwall Rail-way for the London Docks. This rail-way, three and three quarters miles in length, begins a quarter of a mile east of the Bank of England, and runs by the Docks to the Brunswick Pier Blackwall, cutting off a bend of the Thames around the Isle of Dogs. The cars run every fifteen minutes by stationary power, and are of two classes, namely, 'sit downs' and 'stand ups,' both covered. The fare by the first 6d, by the second 4d, for the run; the travellers by each class appear nearly equally well dressed. This line has recently reduced its charges with beneficial results, as has also the Greenwich; and such is the competition of steamers and omnibuses that further reduction will be necessary for success.

Visit the Docks — large areas sufficiently spacious to receive a fleet, bordered by ranges of warehouses. Teas, coffee, and spirits are kept in immense masses, in separate ranges of buildings. See many thousand casks of spirit in extensive vaults and vats, in one of which a whole cargo of rum could be collected, to give it a uniform flavor. In the afternoon, accompany our friend, L. T. M., Esq., in his carriage, to his beautiful country seat at Kennington, where we sit down to an admirable dinner, enlivened by the talents of our host and the conversation of his lady, one of the most charming women we have seen in England. After dinner, walk with the ladies through the garden and grounds, by trees, flowers, and shrubbery, an artificial lake, and over a lawn softer than velvet. At dinner, meet Gen. Duff Green of Washington, and return with him to our lodgings.

Yours ever, MASSACHUSETTS.

London, August 18, 1843.

LETTER VI.

London and its Environs — Morning Calls — The Parks — Westminster Abbey — An Editor — The Thames Tunnel — The Opera — A Trip to Gravesend.

As we are detained in London, awaiting tenders for our contract, we devote the day to calls and recreation. Visit Hyde Park, a delightful promenade, and stop for a moment at the Horse Guards, to admire the finest cavalry in the world — each man a giant in proportions, in high health, and admirably equipped and mounted. Call on the celebrated engineers, Brunel and Vignolles, with letters of introduction, but regret to find they are both in the country. Take a carriage, and call, with letters of introduction from America, on Sir Charles Morgan, Sir Henry Martyn, and Lord Ashburton; but fortune is unpropitious; the former is at the point of death, the second proves to be the successor to an uncle, suddenly deceased, for whom my letter was intended, and the latter is at his country seat, near Southampton. Call upon our Minister, and obtain passports for France; rejoin my friend C ——, and visit Westminster Abbey; listen to prayers and chanting, and accompany a guide through the chapels, to view the monuments which English gratitude has reared to the distinguished dead. England remembers her heroes, and in the hour of peril they do not forget the honor of England. Here are memorials of men alike revered on both sides of the ocean — of some,

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to whom each country makes equal claim, beside champions of truth and freedom, reverenced even more in the new world than in the old. We pause to admire the elaborate and exquisite workmanship of the stone of which this fabric is composed, and the painted windows, in which the ancients surpass the moderns. We are struck with the enthusiasm of the English, and the cool indifference of the French, who accompany our guide. In the afternoon, we ride up to Pentonville and Islington — continuous streets of well-built houses, for nearly five miles, and catch occasional views of Regent's Park, a fine expanse of lawns and walks. In passing Regent's street, are struck with three splendid warehouses for furs, wholesale and retail — one inscribed the Baffin Bay Company's Fur Warehouse — another the Hudson Bay Company, and a third the Russian and Northwest Coast Fur Warehouse. What indices of the power and resources of England, and of the vast regions tributary to her greatness!

August 19. Call by appointment on Mr. H——, the editor of the Rail-way Magazine; find him a very intelligent and obliging gentleman. Receive from him letters of introduction to the managers of the principal rail-ways, and much information respecting carriages, gradients, and other subjects of interest. There is a manliness and independence about this gentleman which I particularly admire; he would incur obligations to no rail-way company whatever, but would be free to criticise and censure them at his pleasure; he even declines giving me a letter to one superintendent whom he knew, for fear he might be supposed to incur some obligation. His principle is, that the press should be untrammelled and fearless. I could not but think we were occasionally deficient in this independence at home. Have we not one leading journal, rather too closely allied to a rail-way corporation; too apt to espouse its supposed interests, even though they may conflict with those of the public; too much disposed to deal out to its confiding readers such facts and such partial statements only as shall sustain a certain policy, and to close its columns to the other side of the argument?

After transacting business, we make up a party and drive to the Thames Tunnel. The carriage-entrance to this magnificent work is still unfinished. To approach it with carriages, whole streets and blocks must be removed, and avenues constructed, descending gradually seventy feet to the floor of the tunnel. We descend by easy and winding flights of steps into two arched ways (connected by side arches, lofty, airy, dry, and beautifully lighted with gas, and well ventilated) and walk under old Thames, bearing on his bosom, and directly above us, ships of the largest class ranged in tiers, and leaving but a narrow passage for steamers, barges, ships, and the various water-craft of the river. We listen to music on our way, and, ascending on the other side, take boat for London bridge, dodging steamers and wherries as we ascend.

After a late dinner, repair to the London Opera, which, at a lavish expense, combines the attractions of dancing and song. We here listen to Grisi, Fornisari, and Lablache; they are succeeded by the rival queens of the dance, Elssler and Cerito, who, on this last night of the season, contend for the supremacy. Each has her admirers, and it is difficult to award the palm. Elssler displays her usual grace; Cerito moves with the lightness of a fawn. Flowers, garlands, and nose-gays, are showered upon each in such profusion, that Cerito calls an assistant to aid in bearing hers away.

August 20. Breakfast at the London tavern, Ludgate Hill; take a view of Newgate, whose grim walls are most appropriate for a prison; view the ancient school of Christ's Hospital, the interior of St. Paul's, with its monuments of Nelson and Cornwallis, the last of whom bore home no laurels from Yorktown. We listen to the Church Service, admire the chanting, and then take a steamer for Gravesend to dine, embarking at London Bridge. We sail for miles along a narrow channel left open between fleets of vessels, principally colliers, at anchor in the stream; as we proceed, passing and meeting steamers, lighters, and vessels in motion; catching a view of Blackwall on the left, and Greenwich, with its hospital, and Woolwich, with its arsenals, on the right. Below these, the

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shores of the river become low and marshy, but a beautiful district, the county of Kent, rises in the distance to the south, variegated with woods, rolling hills, church spires, and gentlemen's seats, among which we distinguish the noble mansion of Lord Say and Seal, whose ancestors took part in planting New England.

Thousands and tens of thousands repair to Gravesend every fine day to enjoy the sail, escape the smoky atmosphere of London, to breathe the air of the country, and catch a glimpse of the ocean. We land and roam through open fields, and through a garden, or rather grotto, occupying the site of an ancient chalk quarry of many acres, filled with flowers, shrubbery, cells, ponds, lawns, birds of foreign plumage, archer's grounds, pavements of many colored pebbles; repair to an inn to dine on a leg of lamb of the finest flavor, and return by steamer to London. On our return, a sudden shower bursts upon us — the ladies fly to the small cabins — the gentlemen shrink behind the wheel-houses and protect themselves by mats, boards, great coats, and umbrellas, under one of which I receive three or four unfortunate individuals, one of whom surprises me by some statements as to the rate of wages in London, which afterwards are fully corroborated. From him I find that Printers receive, per week, 35 shillings, or $8 40; Omnibus drivers, 35 shillings, or $8 40; Carpenters, 30 shillings, or $7 20; Masons, 36 shillings, or $8 64.

These rates are much nearer those recently paid in this country than I imagined. Provisions, too, are much less than formerly. Sir Robert Peel's tariff has broken the price, for as soon as the rate rises, the foreign article is imported. The choicest beef and mutton and fresh salmon, are retailed at 5d to 6d, or ten to twelve cents per pound. The storm soon clears away. Arriving at London, we pass a very delightful evening at the house of Mr. Everett, where we meet a circle of our friends from America.

Yours, &c.,

MASSACHUSETTS.

London, August 21, 1843.

LETTER VII.

The London Police — Rail-way Station — Wandsworth — Life in London — The National Gallery — The Cartoons.

This morning, August 21, we breakfast at Morley's, Charing Cross, with a friend, who has come up from Liverpool to negotiate; and after disposing of our muffins and coffee, we devote the forenoon to business. In my walks through London, I am struck with the order and decorum observed in all the leading streets, thronged as they are with vehicles and passengers, and must ascribe much to the admirable police. Wherever you may move, you observe, within a moderate distance, a tall, good-looking man, in the prime of life, dressed in a blue coat and pantaloons, with a belt of black leather — this is the police officer. If a cabman asks more than his fare, or if you have lost your way, you appeal to him, and with promptitude and politeness he puts you right. On one occasion, a policeman gave me a wrong direction; before I had walked fifty paces, he was by my side to correct the error, and apologize for his mistake. On another occasion, I heard one suggest to a suspicious looking boy, 'my lad, you have been here five minutes, looking at those goods, it is time you were off.' The result of this system is great safety to persons and property among two millions of inhabitants. Indeed, New York, which virtually has no police, might take a valuable lesson from London, both with respect to the streets, sewers, cabmen, and public order. In the great thoroughfares, the people of all classes are usually well clad, wearing garments often coarser than with us, and boots and shoes uniformly thicker — the soles frequently studded with nails.

After completing my business tour this morning, I examine the Temple, the Templars Church and Gardens—the Churchin excellent repair, and a beautiful structure. I visit the joint station of the Greenwich, Croydon, Dover, and Brighton Rail-ways, lines which enter London by four tracks, resting on brick arches about twenty feet high, extending three miles

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from the edge of Greenwich to London Bridge. Here land is of great value, and more than a million of dollars has been expended in buying estates, removing houses, opening an area for an approach and depot. The depot, elevated twenty feet or more above the street, is approached by two winding roads, and presents in front a costly fabric of stone, appropriated to offices; behind this are the sheds, slight structures, well ventilated, which receive the trains. A small portion of the area is appropriated for goods, the arrangements for which are miserable in the extreme, and the space allowed not a tenth-part the room requires. Indeed, I cannot learn there is any good station in Europe to be compared with the principal depots of our line from Boston to Albany. A letter of introduction carries me through the station, and I take leave of my escort on a trip to Croydon; but neither on this or any other occasion in England, is the courtesy shown me of a pass over the line, without charge — a courtesy so uniformly accorded to Engineers and Directors in our own country.

On my trip to Croydon, I see nothing of moment to note, except the vast outlay upon the line.

Returning to London, I embark with a party of London friends, on the Thames, to dine at Richmond; the current and tide are against us, our steamer slow, and our progress moderate. As we gradually ascend the stream we pass two flocks of swans, at least a hundred in number, floating in the Thames. As the day is on the wane, we land at the ancient village of Wandsworth, and repair to the inn, kept by a fine old man, wearing tights and gaiters. The house is without pretensions in its appearance, but we are soon furnished with an excellent repast, and abundance of music. Just as we arrive, a band of ballad-singers favor us with a song. A Scotch bag-piper succeeds them. While at table we have another concert of violins from the street, all which is followed by the chiming of the village bells; so much for 'Merry England.'

We return by twilight in an omnibus, and alight at the Elephant and Castle, about two miles from Morley's. To this point various lines converge. Around the inn, well lighted by gas, are hundreds of well-dressed persons of both sexes, at least a dozen omnibuses, several arriving and starting every minute, and exchanging passengers, and all the bustle of a muster or high holyday; and this, I am told, is usual every fine day of summer. In a few moments we are off by omnibus for our lodgings.

This being the evening fixed for examining our proposals, we open a file of letters from Scotland, Liverpool, Staffordshire, and London, and in the course of an hour conclude a contract for 4000 tons of rails at a price equal to $23 75 per ton, delivered at Cardiff, a price less than the duty in America. And is it possible that our government will enforce such a duty? Cheap and easy communication is essential to the prosperity of the country, to the development of its water power and manufactures, to the manufacture and distribution both of iron ore and iron itself. The *T* rail is not made in America; we have uses enough for our home-made iron, at a better price; we require return freight for our cotton ships. Other roads have paid no duties, and let us have no invidious distinctions.

Having concluded our contract, our friends insist that we must see life in London, and escort us to a very large hotel, near Morley's. In the spacious basement of this house we find assembled a large body of young men, principally clerks, travellers, and merchants, partaking of refreshments at small tables. The host, aided by vice-presidents, presides, and music and song appear to be the order of the evening, the guests joining in the chorus. Among other amusing songs, is one describing the hardships of an Englishman — the taxes, the excise, the duties, high rents and charges — and winding up with a chorus of 'Happy Land,' 'Happy Land,' and the line,

'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still:'

to which all respond with enthusiasm.

August 22. Devote the morning to the drafting of our contracts, visit the National Gallery, and admire some fine paintings, by Murillo, Claude, and West; but the collec-

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tion is unworthy of London, and will doubtless ere long be surpassed in our own country. Examine the cartoons designed for the decoration of the walls of the new houses of Parliament. They exhibit scenes from English history; one or two of them, presenting the early missionaries converting the Saxons, are eminently beautiful. We look at the Court Rooms of Westminster Hall, inferior in size, finish, and convenience, to our own; conclude our business, and prepare for a trip to the Continent.

Yours, ever,

MASSACHUSETTS.

London, August 23, 1843.

LETTER VIII.

A Trip to Brighton — Crossing the Channel — Dieppe.

DURING the morning of August 23d, we procure our passports from the French office, and at three P. M. drive to the station at London Bridge, and take the train for Brighton. Our car is one of the second class, with oval windows, unglazed, and runs on four wheels only. A reduction has been recently made in the fare, which increases the income of the line. In our compartment are an English gentleman and his son, the latter on his way to Spain. We leave London on a range of arches — some of which are inhabited. About three miles out, two tracks leading to Greenwich diverge; at a point eighteen miles from London, the Dover railway also diverges. The rails are well laid, but the cars, like all short cars, have an unpleasant lateral motion, grate on the curves, and are by no means pleasant; a slight shower beats in at the window, and drives us to the opposite side, and I can discover no means by which such cars can be warmed in winter. The cuts are often deep, and the embankments high. The slopes are in many instances too steep to stand, and are not sodded; they must occasion great expense for repairs. Tunnels are constantly recurring. The country for twenty-five miles is luxuriant and highly cultivated; it gradually becomes more wild and broken, and resembles New England. Occasional tracts of waste land appear, and hedges are less frequent. The fences and the bricks in the houses, resemble our own; but, for the whole distance from Liverpool to Brighton, the houses of the laborers and mechanics are smaller, more inconvenient, and worse furnished, than those of the same classes in America. The humane law which in New England preserves to the family its necessary furniture and bedding against all claims for rents, taxes, or debt, and secures the inmates from being sent shiftless into the street, does not exist in England. We travel at the rate of twenty miles the hour, and reach Brighton at five and a half o'clock P. M. The train stops under a range of sheds, open at the sides to the wind and rain, which in winter must be most comfortless. Between these and the street is a showy building of great length, divided into several large apartments for clerks and the sale of tickets, but without a chair to accommodate those waiting for the train. The English depots are for the officials, not, like ours, for the travelling public. After dinner, we take a light carriage and drive around Brighton; pass the pier, shops, hotels — some of which are good stone buildings — the pavilion, a fantastic structure, built by George the Fourth, and return to the station and *stand* there for an hour, awaiting the train for Shoreham.

There is one thing here worthy of notice; it is the mode of delivering baggage. A paper number is given you, and a duplicate placed on your trunk. A hollow square is formed around the baggage-car by a framework of pigeon-holes, like the boxes in a post-office, each large enough to receive a trunk. These bear numbers corresponding to the marks on the baggage, and visible on both sides; and as each trunk is placed under its own number, the passenger finds it immediately. At nine P. M. take the train for Shoreham, the seaport of Brighton. The cars stop on an embankment ten feet above the shore, and within a few feet of the edge. The embankment is faintly lighted, and has

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no fence. A lady falls over, and a gentleman has a narrow escape from falling. It is rumored that the lady escapes without serious injury; but the wonder is that no limbs are broken. From this spot we are all obliged to walk, in a drizzling rain, (over what in the dark seems to be a beach, and a wet one, too,) nearly two hundred yards, to a miserable old steamer, called the 'Dart,' by her speed and model built at least twenty years since; one of those short unwieldly things which were in vogue in the early days of steaming. On reaching the vessel, we are required to pay 6d each for the privilege of passing over the gravel with our trunks. Not a state-room or any saloon above deck are visible, and, on entering the after cabin, we find it filled with anxious applicants for beds, and among them several ladies. But two or three berths or mattresses remain, which the steward is assigning to the most importunate men, to the exclusion of the ladies. Thinking I may be of service to the latter, I observe, 'in America we first provide for the ladies; and in a country like England, which claims to be civilized, I am surprised to see the reverse.' The effect of this is immediate. English pride is touched, and a berth found for the lady. Receiving the thanks of her husband or lover, and finding no chance to sleep, or even lie down in the after cabin, I repair with others to the fore cabin, where I discover a short upper berth vacant, so short that my feet must dangle over the side; and finding no bed-clothes, I am obliged to lie down undressed. From this perch I look down on a perfect chaos. A pile of luggage in the centre sprinkled with mattresses, which, with the berths, are occupied by men, women, and children, gentle and simple, English, French, Irish, and German; no servants or attendants except a small white-headed cabin boy, who presides over a solitary light, a flickering tallow candle, and appears competent to do no more. In a few moments we are at sea, taking the pilot with us, it being too tempestuous to land him, and, as he says, the worst night of the season. The waves are in rapid motion — more boisterous, in fact, than on our whole voyage across the Atlantic. The steamer pitches terribly, and seasickness becomes epidemic; but my voyage has made me water-proof, and I resist the influence of the sea and the scene. Below me are women sobbing, men remonstrating, the tallow candle running down, the cabin boy standing with his hands in his pockets, with a deaf ear to all calls for aid, and children crying and repeating hymns in French and German. Amid a strange medley of Dutch and French vociferation, one lady exclaims, in a plaintive tone, 'Husband I shall die;' to which he cooly replies, 'out with it, it isn't much.' At length, exhausted and fatigued, I fall asleep, and, with occasional interruptions, get through the night.

Thursday, August 24. Reach the deck at an early hour; our vessel tossing on the troubled sea; many vessels around us under reefed sails, whose hulls occasionally disappear, as they rise and fall with the waves. The steamer looks even worse than in the evening, and the wonder is, that Englishmen will permit any Company, however powerful or grasping, to monopolize the most direct route between Paris and London, with a boat which would not live a month on any route in the United States, and at a fare, too, of 20 shillings, or $4 80 for seventy miles — threefold a proper charge.

The French coast is in sight — the sea breaking half-mast high on the rocks and piers which form the narrow entrance to Dieppe. The captain and pilot appear in anxious consultation, and hesitate what course to pursue; at length they push for the port. The waves dash fiercely on either side, and threaten to force us upon the piers. The breaking of a crank, a tiller, or a slight derangement of our engine would wreck us; but we fortunately get safely in, to the relief of thousands of spectators, who watch our perilous entrance from the piers.

We land among females in high white caps, soldiers, and custom-house officers. Our passports and our trunks are speedily examined, and we repair to a French coffee-house to breakfast. At our table we meet a French family conversing with great vivacity, breakfasting on various small dishes,

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bread, butter, and wine. The butter is fresh, as in England; and the bread, and our *café au lait*, excellent.

Yours, ever,

MASSACHUSETTS.

Dieppe, August 24, 1843.

LETTER IX.

Dieppe — Normandy — Rouen — The Theatre — Cathedral — Paris — The Louvre.

After submitting our passports to the police for their indorsement, and examining the cathedral, of Dieppe — a venerable old structure — we engage places in the diligence for Rouen, securing seats in the *cabriolet*, that we may see the country. Our position is above the driver, and we are protected from the weather by a boot and chaise-top. Below us is the *coupée*, after that the *interieur*, and, behind all, the *rotunde*, with side seats. Our horses are five in number — three leaders abreast — and are inspirited by frequent cracks of the whip, and an occasional *sacre* from the driver.' We slowly ascend a lofty hill which overlooks the port, and soon find ourselves on table-land in a high state of cultivation. The road appears nearly an air line of magnificent width, at least eighty feet inside the drains, a little rounded and perfectly smooth — altogether the best I have seen. The country is slightly undulating and fertile, frequently reminding me of the best wheat farms in Western New York. Nearly half the fields are in wheat of a luxuriant growth; the residue in clover, turnips, oats, a little pasturage, and wood. Occasional avenues of old forest trees appear, leading to ancient chateaus or gentlemen's modern mansions; villages substantially built of brick and stone; hedges more luxuriant than any that have met my eye in England, and the crops, which are ready for the sickle, superior to any I have seen between Birmingham and Brighton. The inhabitants reside principally in the villages, and the lower classes appear better housed and fed than the English agricultural population. There is, however, more of the antique in the costume, their implements are more rude, and wooden shoes occasionally clatter along the road. As we approach Rouen, the country becomes more populous, and many factories are visible.

We enter Rouen by a long and wide street, and soon perceive the Seine below us. A turn of the street brings us upon the river, a noble stream, the right bank of which is converted into a wide quay, lined with brigs and smaller vessels, and covered with merchandise. A wide avenue runs along the quay, bordered by stone buildings, hotels, and warehouses, overlooking the river, which a bridge spans above the shipping. On the opposite shore is the station of the rail-way to Paris. From the quay we turn into a street running nearly at right angles, quite narrow, but clean, on each side of which are fine ranges of storehouses, four or five stories high. We drive to the office of the diligence, and engage rooms at the Hotel of the Royales Menageries, where we find the guests taking seats at the *table d'hote*, and sit down with them to dinner. Around us all is French — every guest and every attendant; each of our companions has a bottle of claret beside him, and a long and slender roll of bread; the dinner is admirably cooked and served, while the guests are well-bred and courteous.

In the afternoon we engage a *valet de place*, who conducts us through an immense cathedral, begun in the ninth century, with magnificent painted windows, stone pillars, and ornaments most exquisitely wrought. We admire particularly an ancient statue of Richard the Second, recently discovered. The building is apparently larger and more costly than Westminster Abbey. We visit the Hall of Justice, a fine and spacious old structure, once the palace of the Dukes of Normandy — the ancient abbeys of St. Arnaud and St. Antoine — the venerable palace of the Duke of Bedford, now devoted to commerce, in which 'Joan of Arc,' the deliverer of France, was tried and condemned, and the square where she was burned — the ancient church of St. Etienne,

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now degraded to a stable. In the evening we visit the theatre, and see a French tragedy. I am particularly struck with the excitability of the audience, and the grace of the French actresses, one of whom personates a youthful queen, with an elegance, dignity, and fascination of manner, which carries me back to the days of Francis and Henry the Fourth.

August 25. We rise at an early hour and drive across the Seine, to the depot of the Paris and Rouen Rail-way. The cars are good—the first and second class are glazed and cushioned; the third class covered—the rates moderate; the depot grounds extensive, and very favorable for a great merchandise station, lying as they do on the banks of the Seine, and apparently accessible by square-rigged vessels. The merchandise depot and cars are as yet incomplete, but it is very apparent, that this line, connecting Paris with tide-water, must command an immense and most lucrative freight traffic. The stock is already at an advance.

We leave Rouen at an early hour; as we proceed, the country becomes less fertile and more wild and broken; we have occasional views of the Seine, whose valley we follow, cross and recross the river, and pass through several tunnels. The rail-way shows indications of skill and judgment, and is apparently less costly than those we have traversed, and more like the American. The fields are small, and we see occasional patches of wood. We reach Paris at an early hour, and, passing the Place Vendome, take lodgings at Meurice's Hotel, on the Rue Rivoli. Devote the afternoon to a survey of the Palais Royal, the Gardens of the Tuilleries, dine at a restaurateur, and retire at an early hour, overcome with fatigue.

August 26. After walking through the Gardens of the Tuilleries and the Place Carousal, we enter the Louvre, once the residence of French Kings, but now converted by the progress of events into a splendid museum of the fine arts, which strangers, and on certain days the public, may enter without charge. We leave our umbrellas at the entrance, and walk almost continuously, for nearly four hours, through a succession of halls and elegant apartments—lined with statuary, paintings, ancient furniture of palaces, relics from Pompeii and Herculaneum—the floors tessellated; the ceilings richly gilt and painted; the whole in a style of royal magnificence. Tall, blue-coated servingmen are in attendance in each hall, who cheerfully answer our inquiries. We pause to admire a silver statue of young Henry the Fourth, and again at the apartment and beside the couch where he died. Ranges of beautiful paintings by Murillo, Claude, and Rubens attract our attention, among which we particularly admire a picture of St. John and the Saviour, by Murillo, on a scale as large as life. A ceiling representing Francis the First, with his sister the Queen of Hungary, and his suite, ascending a staircase, arrests our attention, as does also the Coquette, a modern painting, by Signani, which no less than four artists are copying. Many young painters of both sexes frequent these galleries, and some make admirable copies, which would at small expense enrich our collections in America. We stop to admire urns, vases, lamps, and other utensils of Herculaneum, showing the great proficiency of the Romans in the arts, and, deeply impressed with the liberality of France, repair to a restaurant to dine. In the evening we resort to a Vaudeville Theatre, to witness the performance of Madame Barbe-blue, which we see announced by handbills at almost every corner, but it disappoints our expectations, and we retire early to repose.

Yours, ever,

MASSACHUSETTS.

Paris, August 26, 1843.

LETTER X.

A French Breakfast — Versailles — The Chateau — Pictures, Gardens, and Fountains — Dinner, Music, and Return by Rail-way.

THIS morning I breakfast with my friends, Col. W. and lady, from New Orleans, in their elegant apartments in Meurice's Hotel, and partake with them of fresh figs, strawberries,

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and delicious *café au lait*. In this great capital, my friends, during their brief stay, with a moderate expense, command an excellent suite of rooms, good attendance, every delicacy of the season, a barouche, coachman, and *valet de place*, all civility, and familiar with several languages. After breakfast, we accompany a party of gentlemen to the great *fête* at Versailles; and, to give variety to our route, take outside seats, drive through the Elysian Fields, and along a magnificent road, at least sixty yards wide, including malls on either side, planted with trees. As we approach the chateau, the inscription, in French, 'To the Glory of France,' arrests our attention. Amid a throng of citizens and strangers, of both sexes, and of all ranks, classes, and ages, and varying costumes, we pass the vestibule, and enter a series of saloons, surpassing in splendor all that I have ever seen or imagined. For nearly four hours we move onward, for miles, amid statues, paintings, mirrors, marble pilasters, windows opening to the floor, upon gardens, lawns, groves, fountains, and statues, each hall about thirty feet wide, and from thirty to one hundred feet long, with a lofty ceiling, divided into compartments exquisitely painted and gilded — then through long corridors connecting the saloons, lined with statues and busts. As we advance, these saloons appear endless, and each so splendid, that alone, in America, it would attract strangers from a distance. The walls of the saloons, in the spaces between the mirrors and windows, are covered with large oil paintings, presenting all the distinguished men of France, and the most brilliant eras in its history, illustrating, particularly, the eras of Henry the Fourth, Louis the Fourteenth, Napoleon, and Louis Philippe. We pass beside Clovis, Pepin, Charlemagne, and their successors, the marshals, high constables, and great warriors of France — her statesmen, ministers, nobles, and poets — her sieges and victories. Versailles is, in truth, a monument to perpetuate the fame of France, and to animate with kindred fire the descendants of her distinguished dead. We pause beside the Marshal Compte de Rantzou, mounted on a noble steed, with a face seamed with scars, and without an arm and an eye; below, is the inscription, 'Covered with wounds in the service of his country, there is nothing entire but his heart.' We pass on beside Turenne, Sully, the great Condé, Godfrey de Bouillon, Joan d'Arc, Murat, Ney, Victor, Lannes, Poniatowsky — we view the consecration of Charles the Seventh, at Rheims, with the Maid of Orleans in the foreground, enjoying her triumph; the interview of the field of cloth of gold; Colbert, presenting the manufacturers to Louis le Grand; the Coronation of Napoleon; and the signature of the Charter, by Louis Philippe. We gradually descend from the romance, steel armor, and hauteur of the Middle Ages, to the dashing and determined spirits who led the armies of Bonaparte, and from them to the more commonplace and uninteresting generals, in the dress of the present day. We stop to admire the statue of the Maid of Orleans, by the Princess Clementine — an exquisite work, which would have given fame to the humblest artist. Each step of our progress presents a novelty within, and each window some new feature of the landscape.

Meanwhile, two rail-ways from Paris in incessant motion, lines of omnibuses, *cabriolets*, *fiacres*, and *cocos*, (a two-wheeled omnibus, overladen with eight or ten persons,) to say nothing of pedestrians and private carriages, are constantly pressing into Versailles a tide of well-dressed people, nearly all of whom follow or precede us through the chateau to the grounds. Here we enter groves, and roam by ponds, canals, and statues, contemporary with Louis the Fourteenth, the founder of Versailles. At various points are fountains, rising amid gardens of flowers; at another point, several walks under overarching trees converge at a pool, from which rise, in a circle, twenty jets, like so many poplars, cooling the air with their spray. At another, the carp rise, to be fed with bread from our hands. Inviting walks tempt us to the forest, and statues meet us at every turn.

The air is soft, clear, and balmy — and it requires no great stretch of fancy to imagine one's self in fairy land. As the afternoon

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advances, the visitors assemble by thousands, around the borders and banks of a pond, resembling in its form the pond on Boston Common; about thirty thousand are collected here. At a given hour, at least one hundred fountains spring from the mouths of lions, tritons, nymphs, and other figures around, and from all parts of the pond, to the height of forest trees, cooling the air, and by their spray sparkling in the sunshine, reminding me of a brilliant show of fire-works.

To all this display, provided at an expense of $300,000,000 for the recreation of a monarch and his court, and inaccessible to the people whose wealth it had absorbed, the progress of liberal ideas and the bounty of the citizen King admits all Paris.

As we leave the grounds, we meet an English student, resident at Versailles, and accompany him to his restaurant, where, under his guidance, we sit down to a dinner, comprising soups, meats, lettuce, pastry, wines, strawberries, and melons, for the moderate price of two francs each. While we dine, a female musician plays to us on the harp; a violinist, in an old court dress, and with powdered hair and a bag, presents each of us with a sonnet; a party of ladies take a table near us, calling each for a bottle of claret, and amuse themselves between the courses with feeding a pet monkey and a parrot. We take the rail-way, and, for a franc each, return to Paris.

Yours, truly,

MASSACHUSETTS.

Paris, August 28, 1843.

LETTER XI.

Jardin Des Plants — Meurice's Table d' Hote — French Rail-way Stations and Shops — M. Chevalier — Improvements — Low Fares on Rail-ways.

RISING at an early hour, we read the English newspapers; — and here let me remark, with reference to the progress of America, that, while the distance is no more from London to Paris than from New York to Boston, the London paper is nearly two days old before I can read it in the French capital, while every day, at eight A. M., you are reading in Boston the New York papers of the previous evening, delivered to you in sixteen hours from the press. Why do such barriers still exist between the two great capitals of Europe? We breakfast at the Café de Denmark, visit the shops, admire the venerable church of Notre Dame, the tower of St. Jacques, a relic of the dark ages, traverse the beautiful Jardin des Plants, and glance at the giraffes, zebras, leopards, lions, and other rare animals which it contains, among which are many varieties of the feathered race. We visit the spacious square of Concord, the Elysian Fields, planted with trees, from which we command fine views of the Chamber of Deputies, and church of the Madelaine — elegant modern structures. We look for a moment, as we cross the Seine, into the Morgue, where the body of a poor old man, recently fished from the river, is exposed for recognition; and after a drive, to banish from our minds the impressions produced by this spectacle, dine at Meurice's. Here a long table is spread, richly ornamented with flowers in vases. The cutlery, porcelain, plate, and damask cloths are all in keeping — the waiters numerous and most attentive. Some fifty guests, of which nearly half are ladies, and many English, sit down to an elegant repast. Here are all the delicacies of the season. Course succeeds course, and each dish is offered to every guest. At no private table have I ever seen a more elegant dinner. In the evening we resort to the amphitheatre — a light and beautiful edifice on the Elysian Fields, most admirably modelled and lighted. We here witness some remarkable feats in riding, particularly by female equestrians, one of whom appears to move with most perfect security and self-possession, with the tip of one foot barely touching the flank of her well-trained horse. At this season, while Rachel and other distinguished performers are in the provinces, the Amphitheatre, or Franconi's, is the fashionable resort.

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After a refreshing sleep at Meurice's, we go, by appointment, to visit the joint station of the Rouen, Versailles, and St. Germain rail-ways. Monsieur P., a brother of the acting director, and the engineers, very kindly accompany us, and give us every facility for observation. The station house is a large building, with pillars, fronting upon a court, where passengers alight from their cabs or omnibuses. You ascend by a flight of steps, and pass various ticket-offices, to halls reserved for the several classes of travellers. Above are offices for clerks, engineers, and directors. Beyond are platforms in the open air, running between many lines of rails, provided with turn-tables, upon which the trains are arriving and departing.

At one point, we observe a frame crossing the track, with a cross rail-way, and a car upon it, at a height of sixteen feet. By this, with the aid of a winch, diligences and private carriages are in a few moments lifted, with their passengers and baggage, from the wheels and axles, and transferred to platform cars, and at Rouen again placed on wheels, and put 'en route' for Havre. No suitable depot is, as yet, provided for freight. The repair shops are large; several buildings, twenty-five by one hundred and fifty feet, with a steam-engine of thirty horse-powef, and extensive sheds and grounds, are provided for repairs, and are in excellent order. The rails of the Versailles line, although light, and in use every quarter of an hour, have stood well for seven years. The weight on each wheel of the engines is from three to four tons only; on car wheels less than two tons to a wheel. No chilled wheels are used here, or on the leading English roads, except for gravel trains. Coal costs here about $10 per ton; wood, nearly $16 per cord; about seventeen pounds of coke is consumed per mile.

Our guides assure us, that the reduced rates of fare on the Versailles and St. Germain rail-roads, which average from one to two cents per mile, are very successful, and they all agree in opinion that a still lower rate would increase their income. All the cars on these lines are short, and no improved boxes or bearings, like ours, are in use; of course, the expense of repairs and oiling is very heavy. Our conductors most courteously provide us with plans of the depot and offices, and all the information we desire. From the depot we go, by appointment, to the rooms of Michael Chevalier, the author of the great work on the public improvements in America, for which he has received from Louis Philippe the grand cross of the Legion of Honor, and by which he has gained a reputation in Europe. He is now high in the confidence of government, and exerts a great influence in the establishment of the French rail-ways. He is also employed as one of the Board of Commissioners on the subject of abolishing slavery in the French West Indies, and is publishing a very valuable and most elaborate report on that subject. We consult him, as a scientific man, upon the question of the policy of low fares, as a source of revenue, on rail-ways, and he assures us, that all his experience, observation, and reflection, have made him a convert to this policy. In the course of the conversation he informs us, that the French steam-packets are rapidly progressing, and will, certainly, run next season to the United States; that the commissioners have not reported, but will soon designate the terminus in America. We, of course, enlarge upon the importance of adopting the shortest and most direct line to insure despatch; we speak of the rail-ways open through the winter, diverging in all directions from Boston; on its rapid growth in population, wealth, and commerce, even in disastrous times; its fine harbor, and the new rail-way progressing towards Montreal, to all which he lends an attentive ear. Before we leave, he gives us a letter to Monsieur Poiree, No. 23 Rue Malequais, Paris, who has invented a hinge dam for the improvement of navigation, now in use in the Seine, admirably adapted to some of our western rivers, like the Wabash and Monongahela. This dam, in low stages of the river, raises the water six feet, and, in high stages, lies at the bottom of the river. After an interview of an hour, we take our leave of our accomplished friend.

From all we can learn in Paris, we infer that France, although late in the field, will soon have the best system of rail-ways in Europe.

The lines radiate from Paris to all the

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leading cities and seaports, and will soon be highways to the ocean, England, Germany, Spain, and the Mediterranean. It has been the judicious policy of France by the aid of science, to design the outlines, fix the rates, prescribe the style of construction, and a moderate tariff, and then to draw in the energy and frugality of private associations to complete and conduct the enterprises by liberal loans at low rates of interest.

The final results of this policy may even now be inferred, from the success of the Paris and Rouen and Paris and Orleans lines, still unfinished, but earning eight per cent., and selling at thirty-three per cent. premium.

On the Paris and Orleans, whose average charges for passengers are but little above the Belgian rates, and do not average more than one and three-fourth cents per mile, the passenger income has risen to one hundred and forty thousand francs per week, for eighty-two miles; and now exceeds, although it was originally less than the passenger income of the Paris and Rouen, of the same length —whose rates are rather higher. The inferior route, with the more liberal policy, has gained the ascendancy.

From the Chaussee d' Antin we ride to the Hotel des Invalides, the magnificent residence of the old soldiers of France, and destined to be the tomb of Napoleon. We walk among the shattered heroes of Austerlitz and Marengo, happy in the sunshine, and engaged in recounting their adventures, and in various amusements. We admire the Chapel, hung with trophies, and the comfortable rooms of the veterans. We ride thence to Pere la Chaise, which, in size, position, and ornament, surpasses our expectations; it has not, however, the shrubs, trees, waters, or romance of our own Mount Auburn. The walks ascend apparently a third of a mile upon rising ground, which overlooks all Paris and the valley of the Seine. The monuments are often beautiful, planted with flowers, and adorned with bouquets, indicating great reverence for the dead. We notice the tower of Beauvoir, a family monument; the far-famed tomb of Abelard and Eloise, and a more recent and elegant monument to the French Minister, Cassimer Perrier. In the evening we walk the Boulevards, and sit by the fountains of the gardens of the Palais Royal. Yours, ever,

MASSACHUSETTS.

Paris, August 29, 1843.

LETTER XII.

The Pantheon — Very's — Theatre Français — The Church of the Madelaine — Museums of the Navy and Artillery — 'Des Deux Fieres Provinciaux.'

My Dear Sir — The diligences of France are controlled by companies whose policy it is to run full. Travellers who desire the best seats are often obliged to wait several days. Having determined to visit the Rhine, we send a courier to engage places for ourselves and Col. W. The best he can accomplish is, to secure two in the *coupée*, and one in the *cabriolet*, of the diligence which leaves Paris for Strasburg, in three days from this time. For these seats we pay sixty francs in advance.

We call on Monsieur Iznard, our highly respected French Consul, now on a visit to France, with a view to the education of his sons.

We cross the Seine, and drive up a hill to the Pantheon, another monument of the age of Louis the Fourteenth, an immense stone church, or rather temple, with a dome richly painted. In the vaults beneath, we look at monuments of Rousseau and Voltaire, and other men of genius. We ascend by winding staircases to the cupola, apparently 300 feet or more above the foundations, and to which height the structure is solid stone. The hammered stone would suffice, I have no doubt, to build twenty American churches, and, utilitarian as I am, I would at once have sacrificed its grandeur for such an object. Beneath us is all Paris, intersected by the Seine, with its gardens, arches, public edifices, and churches, its ancient roofs covering long lines of grey stone buildings. At our feet, are the Scotch and Irish Colleges, where many a

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Catholic has come from the British Isles to be reared in a faith proscribed in his own country. Around us are the hospitals, those noble charities of Paris. The view is beautiful, and yet how different from that enjoyed from the elevations of Boston and New York. The expanse of water whitened with sails, the rising edifices, the spires of churches, the busy hum of commerce, all are wanting. We descend from the giddy height, and dine at Very's, the far-famed restaurateur of Paris, in a hall decorated with splendid mirrors and other ornaments, over all which two beautiful females preside, issuing their orders to a host of attendants, and greeting you with a smile and a bow as you adjust your bill.

In the evening we attend the Theatre Français, and witness the performance of two comedies of Moliere; but not speaking or rather hearing the language with the same ease with which I read it, I am unable to appreciate all the wit of the author.

August 31. At an early hour this morn, we visit the interior of the church of the Madelaine, a most costly building — the ceiling richly gilded and painted — long ranges of Grecian pillars support the roof, and, were I disposed to criticise, I should complain of an excess of ornament. To my taste, a religious edifice, to be pleasing, should be more severe in its architecture. The pointed Gothic tends more with me to awaken solemn thoughts and religious feelings.

An English merchant, Mr. T., to whom we have letters from London, accompanies us to the Museum of the Navy. Here, in a series of halls, we find collected large and perfect models of the 'crack' ships of the French Navy, from a sloop of war to a 'three decker,' some of them of great symmetry — particularly the Alceste frigate, and Terpsichore ship of the line. Here, also, are models, on a large scale, of all the French ports, including all the docks, navy yards, ship-houses, harbors, and defences, presenting each building, and the elevation and depression of the ground;— so that whenever a question arises as to any structure, the administration, without leaving Paris, may examine the spot where it stands, or is to be placed, and by a glance may determine the comparative advantages of each port for the object in view.

How useful would such models be to our own government, and how small an appropriation would secure such important advantages.

Before we leave the halls, we are struck with one, the sides of which are covered with the gilded ornaments of some magnificent vessel, naval decorations, richer than I have ever seen in use. A drawing is shown us of a stately galley, in which Louis le Grand, a century and a half since, was wont to coast the shores of the Mediterranean, and these ornaments once adorned her prow and stern. Imagine the monarch, with his court and mistresses in this proud galley — a copy from the models of antiquity, with her curling beak and elevated stern — propelled, not only by sails, but by at least an hundred rowers, visiting his ports, and receiving the homage of his subjects. All this has given place to the strength, simplicity, and iron of modern naval architecture.

We pass to the Museum of the Artillery. Here are preserved the suits of armor, lances, arrows, maces, battle-axes, guns, pistols, swords, sabres, which for the last four centuries have been used in French warfare. Here are corslets of polished steel, chain armor, complete suits richly ornamented with gold and silver, models of kings and knights as large as life, and on horseback, completely equipped for the field of battle or tournament, some in the identical armor the originals once wore; many accoutrements enriched with the names of their distinguished owners; guns, often eight or nine feet long, covered with precious stones or silver ornaments taken from the Turks or Algerines; pistols with revolving barrels; swords and pistols combined. It is, in fact, a repository of all that relates to war, in which you may trace the gradual innovations of modern science.

We accompany our friend to the Restaurant des deux Freres Provinciaux to dine. We ascend into a large and airy hall, overlooking the garden and fountains of the Palais Royal; the day is warm, the sky clear, the windows open to the floor to admit the breeze, and we sit down to a dinner selected by our host. Before we leave, our kind and

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attentive friend surprises us by saying, 'I, too, have been in America, and have a great regard for your countrymen. I was captured by the brave Captain Blakely, in the Wasp: my ship, which he took, contained all that I was worth; his orders, which he showed me, compelled him to destroy her, and he did so, and my loss grieved him almost as much as it did me. I stood beside him when he fought the Frolic, until he insisted I should go below and not expose myself to death from English cannon. The battle was well fought on both sides; the Frolic was inferior in size, and he did justice to the bravery of my countrymen. As soon as the fight was over, he sent me in charge of a boat to tell the survivors they should be treated with humanity. They will believe you, he said, for you are an Englishman; and we did receive every kindness, both from him and ashore; and if there is a man whose memory I respect, it is Capt. Blakely, and should it be your fortune to meet his widow, assure her of my remembrance and sympathy.'

I remain, yours ever,

MASSACHUSETTS.

Paris, August 31, 1843.

LETTER XIII.

The Hospitals — Cotton Cloth — News from America — The Diligence — Military Students — The Young Advocate — The Shepherds — The Country Louvain.

We rise at an early hour on the morning of September 1st, our last day in Paris, to accompany our friend, Dr. M., on his morning walk. We enter with him the Hospital of Charity, built around a hollow square, and follow him through the wards. Every thing is in order, the floors nicely swept, the rooms well ventilated, and the patients well attended. This hospital is open to every one, no passport and no money are required. The applicant is merely asked, 'are you poor, are you sick,' and if the answer is 'yes,' is admitted. As we move along we observe every stage of disease,—some are recovering; the flushed faces and difficult breathing of others, announce the progress of death, and one poor fellow lies in the last stages of that virulent complaint, the smallpox, once the scourge of Boston. We feel that we have seen enough, and breathe more freely as we reach the open air.

We visit the shops, to make some additions to our wardrobe, and to our surprise find that America is far in advance of France in the manufacture of cotton. In Paris, cotton cloth is a third dearer than in Boston. We return to Meurice's, the papers announce the arrival of a steamer from America. We look for the news from home. The first thing we observe is a sad outrage in the United States, by a Mr. Clay, who has attacked his opponent with a bowie knife, put out his eye, and cut off his ear, and the article concludes with the observation, (which I know to be untrue,) that the culprit is a son of one of the candidates for the Presidency. This savage act, doubtless highly colored, and misrepresented, is to circulate through Europe, and be cited as a proof of the barbarism to which our institutions are hurrying us; — such things are carefully culled from our papers to reconcile Europeans to absolute government. Let the youth, who uses a deadly weapon in his feuds, however distant he may be from our great centres of civilization, reflect, that he not only violates law and religion, but is disgracing his country and rivetting the chains of thousands.

At noon, we take leave of our obliging landlord, Mr. Calliez, and a circle of American friends, and drive to the office of the diligence. Here, in a hollow square, are arranged vehicles destined for all parts of France. The door is opened, and we alight, and are immediately greeted by civil applicants for money, one for opening the door, one for lowering the steps, another for moving our baggage, whom we easily quiet with a few coppers. Our trunks are arranged with others on the top of our diligence; beside them sits a shepherd's dog, who travels with us to Lorraine. Our companion in the *coupée* is a young French advocate; our fellow-travellers in the *cabriolet* are two students,

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from the Military Academy at Sancy, near Paris, going home for the vacation. In the other parts of the vehicle are persons of little note. Our driver is accompanied by a *conducteur*, who manages the brake and directs every stop and movement.

To view the country, I select the *cabriolet*. As we leave Paris, I notice the new and formidable fortifications which encircle it. Within these is a wide belt of land to allow space for future expansion. As we proceed eastward, the country appears highly cultivated; but, divided into small farms, little wood and no waste land are seen; the people seem more rude, and sabots, clumsy forks, rakes, scythes, and carts, make their appearance; hugh ploughs are also seen, with two wheels in front.

About 6 P. M. we stop half an hour to dine at a small village near a church. A lady leaves us, and seeks the church, apparently for her devotions; the residue of our party sit down to a better dinner than we usually find in a village inn, namely, a soup, roast fowl, beef, veal, spinnage, beans, fruit, wine, and coffee, all for three francs each. As we proceed, I notice alternate fields of wheat in the sheaf, oats, potatoes, clover, lucerne, a little pasturage, and no fences. The road is eighty feet wide, Macadamised and graded like a rail-way; beside it are frequent piles of stone, for repairs. Occasional flocks of sheep browse by the roadside, under the care of a shepherd and his wolf-like dog, who hurries them out of the way of our diligence. The sheep are merinos; the shepherd bears a staff with a curved iron at the end; with this he occasionally whips up a sod, and hurls it at the sheep or the dog. My military comrades are very lively and courteous; they point out objects of interest, and converse with me in French and Latin; they sing several spirited songs, and among others, 'Malbrook has gone to the wars.' One of them plays with much skill upon the bugle. About midnight we pass through Sexanne, an ancient French town, as silent as the grave. The buildings of brick and stone look grim in the faint light, and appear as if they had stood unaltered since the days of Clovis or Pepin. As the night grows cool, I take refuge in the *coupée*.

Between the hours of one and five A. M. we traverse a sterile district — a thin soil resting on chalk, but partially cultivated. Soon after daylight the aspect of the country improves. We stop at Vitry for breakfast, and, for a single franc, are each furnished with good coffee, bread, and butter. We address our hostess in French, but to our surprise she answers us in English, and tells us she is from England. In a few moments we are off. The country appears more fertile, but seems uninhabited. We command a prospect for miles, and not a house is visible, when suddenly we descend into a valley, and find ourselves in a village. In such villages there are usually several streets, with blocks of stone houses, each about twenty feet wide, and two or three stories high, with red roofs and glazed windows. The attic is usually a storehouse, filled with sheaves of wheat. The men are almost uniformly clothed in a plain dark blue cotton frock and trowsers; the women in cotton dresses and caps, without bonnets. The latter are plain, and, as well as the former, often at work in the fields, with rakes, sickles, or hoes — sometimes with large baskets on their backs, or on donkeys, which they ride. The children of both sexes are better looking and clad than the parents, and in appearance and dress are much like our New England boys and girls. We pass long lines of carts, principally laden with cotton, and bound towards the Eastern provinces of France. Occasional hills appear, at the foot of which the team is withdrawn from one and attached to the other, and *vice versa*. In climbing a steep hill, we pass a heavy load of cotton (doubtless American) resting on two broad wheels, and drawn by eleven horses.

We are now passing through the champagne country. Leaving Chalons, Epernay, and Chateau Thierry a little to our left, and stopping at the village Void, at a good inn, to dine, we are furnished with a bottle of the sparkling wine of the country. For the guidance of our landlords, I preserve the bill of fare: soup, fried pike, trout, chickens dressed with mushrooms, beef, meat pie, fried potatoes, claret, champagne, apricots, and *a very reasonable bill.*

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Our young advocate proves to be a very accomplished man; he converses with us in French and Latin, speaking the last tongue with great ease and fluency, and, in the course of his remarks, observing, *Lingua semper colendâ est.* He expatiates much on the scenery of Lorraine and the attractions of Nancy, his native city, its walks and fountains — on the great battle under its walls, in which Charles the Bold of Burgundy fell — on the monuments of its ancient dukes, independent of France until within two centuries — and on the beauty of its ladies, who, he assures us, are celebrated for their charms through France.

We descend gradually from the table-land to the valley of the Meurthe, through a broken and picturesque country, and pass the skirts of a dense forest, twenty miles long — in ancient times the chase of the sovereign — and at sunset enter Nancy, about two hundred and fifty miles from Paris.

As we drive up the principal street, our young advocate looks anxiously from the window, and we observe on the steps of a large house a party, who greet him with bows and smiles. It is his young wife, with her sisters and servant, bearing her infant, a few weeks old, whom he has not seen. The diligence stops for no one, and we drive to the office, whither we are soon followed by the party, and a most affectionate greeting takes place. We engage rooms at the Hotel de France, where we are provided with choice beds, fare, and attendance. In the evening we walk out to view the city by moonlight, and a charming place it is. Nancy may well boast its public square, its hotels, *cafés*, two beautiful fountains, a promenade planted with trees, many fine dwellings, a college, and schools. It contains 36,000 inhabitants; the expenses of living are moderate; young men may be boarded and educated at $150 a year, and if we may judge from our young advocate, in a very satisfactory manner. Its air is salubrious, and were I to select a spot in France, to reside a year, for the education of my children, Nancy would, if first impressions prove correct, have the preference.

I am yours, truly,

MASSACHUSETTS.

Nancy, France, September 2, 1843.

LETTER XIV.

The Rotunde — A German Student — Luneville — French Cavalry — The 'Sauvage Inn' — Sauvergne.

Unwilling to incur a loss of repose for two successive nights by pursuing our journey, we conclude to sleep at Nancy, and repair to the diligence office to secure seats for the next morning. We find, as we feared, all the best places engaged, and are obliged to content ourselves with taking the four seats of the *rotunde* for our party of three. At an early hour we despatch breakfast, and are again in motion. As we pass the gates of the city, a student, wearing a blue frock, flopped hat, wallet, and staff, and speaking both French and German, overtakes the diligence and springs upon the step to tell us that he has been deceived by the driver: he was anxious to reach the Rhine, had applied for a seat in the *rotunde*, and learned that they were all engaged, but his eyes inform him there is one vacant; we reply, we have engaged all, but invite him to ride with us, and find him a very intelligent and amusing companion. He has just taken his degree as bachelor of laws at Strasburg; he gives us a sketch of college life and studies, and, in reply to our inquiries, informs us his expenses at the Royal College have been but seven hundred and fifty francs a year for food, instruction, and clothing. He appears well educated, speaks the Latin fluently, and entertains us by reciting from Virgil, first with the German and then with the French pronunciation. He also points out objects of interest, and gives us the names of the towns and villages on the way. At St. Nicholas we notice a venerable cathedral, at Luneville, the ancient palace of Stanislaus, the last king of Poland, now the quarters of three regiments of cavalry. We pass the parade, and observe the troops drawn up for review. Many companies of efficient men are in the field; the line is forming and the officers assembling. Each private has a red blanket neatly rolled up and strapped to his back, and sits upon a dressed sheepskin, which covers his saddle and holsters. We pass, every two

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miles, a village with red roofs, and one or more antique churches. The country is divided into small farms of ten to thirty acres, which our German friend remarks are worth from 500 to 1200 francs per acre; the land is carefully but not skilfully tilled, the surface diversified by narrow fields of millet, Indian corn, vines, hops, teazles, grain, lucerne, and clover. No fences are visible. We see, occasionally, a diligence or post-chaise, but few private carriages of any kind, not one quarter part of the number we should meet in the most sterile part of New England.

As we pass the village of Blamont, the country, which has been nearly level and monotonous, becomes more irregular; we wind up a steep ascent beyond the village, and notice, on rising ground, overlooking the road at its foot, the ruins of an old castle and a modern chateau, the former doubtless the abode of some feudal lord. We arrive at Sarrebourg, the village where we are to dine. It is a fête day, and the streets are thronged with visitors, and tables with refreshments are spread in the open air. We alight from the *rotunde* covered with dust, which, raised by the horses and forward wheels from the dry Macadamised road, has rolled in clouds into the windows in the rear. After trying the brush in vain, we enter a small apartment of the inn, and find the travellers by the *coupée* provided with a separate table, and no room for us except at a long table where the guests have dined and are chatting over the dessert. A single attendant devotes herself to the other table, and leaves us to help ourselves from a few dishes of cold and indifferent food. The Frenchmen around the table, judging from our looks and language that we are English, and supposing that we do not understand them, begin, in a provincial dialect, to criticise our appearance and impatience in a manner most unusual in France. This escapes my notice, but our friend, Col. W——, from New Orleans, listens a few moments in silence, becomes a little ruffled, and, turning round to the nearest Frenchman, tells him, in purer French than his own, that our party are strangers in the country, just arrived, way worn and weary; that we are Americans, unaccustomed to submit to incivility at home, and coolly requests him to state what they find about us to amuse them. An immediate change comes over the Frenchmen, they are all civility, offering us every attention; and we cannot discover whether the sudden change is produced by the decided tone and manner of our friend, or from the fact that we are Americans.

We rise from our poor dinner to pay as usual, in bad inns, a double price. We give the servant all the silver we find in our pockets, but it happens to fall a few sous short of the charge. Our host is not satisfied, and a loud murmur and discussion reaches us from the inner room. We fortunately discover, among our gold, a solitary half franc, which more than squares our account, and leave, with no pleasant impressions, the 'Sauvage Inn.'

We are now rapidly approaching the frontier, and begin to notice German names and signs, and a mixed dialect of French and German. We enter Phalersburg, a frontier town, strongly fortified. A grim officer, doubtless the survivor of many a battle, demands our passports, which he pores over, but cannot read, and soon returns to us.

We proceed through a populous country, noticing many fruit trees, principally apples and plums, the latter blue with fruit, and borne down by its weight, growing in the yards and gardens of the cottages. We reach the extremity of the table-land, and a magnificent scene opens. An expanded valley, at least four hundred feet below us, undulating, fertile, and highly cultivated, with many villages and church-spires; a range of blue mountains in the distance, beyond the Rhine; on our right, spurs of the Alps on the borders of Switzerland; Sauvergne, a large town, below us, and a short distance beyond it a range of wooded eminences overlooking the valley, crowned by ruins of castles and convents.

The sky is clear and the scene most exhilarating. As we pass the town, a light wagon, like our own country vehicles, follows the diligence. A young lad is driving two beautiful girls without bonnets, but with their hair tastefully arranged, and holding parasols to protect them from the sun. As our horses

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walk up a slight ascent, we bow, and ask them the name of the ruins. With a smile and graceful bow, one of them replies, They are the ruins of Sauvergne. Our speed increases, and we soon lose sight of this most pleasing feature in our landscape. In the villages we notice all the gayety of a fête day, music and dancing in booths, and in the open air; we descend a mountain defile, cross a rich plain, and enter Strasburg through a triple line of fortification, surrendering our passports at the gates, and find excellent apartments and good beds at the Hotel de Ville de Paris.

Yours ever,

MASSACHUSETTS.

Strasburg, on the Rhine, Sept. 3, 1843.

LETTER XV.

French Troops and Music — Cathedral and Lutheran Church — Monuments — Clock — Bridge of Boats — Baden-Baden.

The windows of our chambers at Strasburg open sidewise to the floor, and are hung with figured muslin. The floor is waxed, the apartments large and airy, with beds and glasses superior to those of our best hotels, and yet our rooms are by no means the best; the most eligible were occupied, and no others were vacant on our arrival. We retire early to rest. At the dawn of day we are aroused by martial music and the tramp of soldiers. Two regiments, with full bands of music, and officers in uniform, are marching to the ramparts to take their posts for the day; they pass directly beneath us, moving with precision, and appearing to great advantage. The music is most inspiring. These troops are part of the permanent garrison of the post. Eight thousand men (more than the whole army of the United States, dispersed along five thousand miles of frontier) are in profound peace stationed here to guard this single fortress.

Paris itself is a garrison town; within the walls are 40,000 regular troops, besides as many National Guards, and nearly as many more soldiers of the line in the environs. May the progress of civilization and improvement soon relieve this great country from these costly burdens.

After breakfast, we engage a *valet de place,* and visit St. Thomas Church, a Protestant place of worship. We admire the splendid monument, in marble, to the brave Marshal Saxe, erected by a grateful monarch to the Hero of Fontenoy, *Semper victor,* as the tablet tells us. A marble figure of France is crowning her hero with laurels, while Death, in marble, extends his bony arm from a cloak to demand his victim.

In a recess, we find in a glass coffin the embalmed body of a duke of Nassau, who died four centuries since. The features are well preserved; the dress has been renewed, excepting the shoes, which are the same, with high heels, thick soles, and toes as square as the present fashion. Near him is his daughter, in the silk dress she once wore; her remains are less perfect; her silken locks have parted from her head, and a ring still sparkles on her withered hand.

In the public squares, we view the monuments of Kleber and Dessaix, two of Napoleon's generals, natives of this region, and a beautiful monument to Oberlin.

We approach the venerable cathedral, begun in the thirteenth century, and still unfinished, the base decaying while the top is incomplete. It is, however, a noble structure, 450 feet high by 350 feet in length, and 137 feet in width. Its front is ornamented with nearly five hundred figures, almost as large as life, standing in niches, and elaborately carved in stone. The windows are admirably painted.

At 12, M. we join a throng of gentlemen and ladies, to see the far-famed clock of the cathedral. This remarkable piece of mechanism is nearly fifty feet high, and ornamented with various figures of the size of life. At 12 an angel strikes the hour; Time turns the hour glass; the Twelve Apostles pass in procession before the Saviour, who places his hands on their heads as they bow to him in succession, and a cockerel flaps his wings and crows so naturally, that my friends insist they hear an answer from the

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street; various other motions take place, indicating the places of the earth and the planets, and, in an obscure corner of the gallery, is a figure of the artist, watching this great labor of his life.

We visit a shop devoted to the manufacture of the celebrated *Paté de Foie Gras*, and while our companion, Col. W., makes a purchase, we read an order for a liberal supply, just received from New York.

Weary of travelling by diligence, we engage a private carriage for Baden-Baden, one of the most fashionable summer resorts of Germany, and cross the Rhine by a bridge of boats into the Grand Duchy of Baden.

This is one of those small German states which send out an annual swarm of emigrants to America, and which, in ancient times, formed a part of the Palatinate of the Rhine. Our carriage draws up at a public building on the eastern side of the river, which answers the double purpose of a custom and toll-house. In the room appropriated to the latter, a young and pretty girl sells tickets to pass the bridge, and talks low Dutch with great volubility. The harsh dialect, however, seems to distort her pretty mouth as she speaks. An old custom-house officer pries into our trunks, but finds nothing for duty except our friend's recent purchase of the *Paté de Foie Gras*, worth, perhaps, four or five francs, of which he makes a formal entry, and charges a few kreutzers for the duty. We ride on across rich intervales, like those on the Connecticut, a river which resembles the Rhine at this distance from the ocean. The crops are hemp, tobacco, maize, vines, artichokes, grass, and potatoes. We stop at an ancient inn, where the driver feeds his horses with rye bread, cut into thin slices, and a postman or courier, in uniform, high boots, and immense epaulets, chats over a bottle of wine with the landlord's daughter. We resume our seats in the carriage, observing, as we proceed, that the wagons, harnesses, pumps, houses, and implements, are all ruder than with us: the women coarsely clad, and uncouth in their appearance, and often in the field wielding the hoe, rake, or sickle. They wear no bonnets, but a black bow or crape around the hair. The men usually wear three-cornered cocked hats and white gaiters.

The horses are sleek and well-conditioned, but we often notice cows harnessed to carts.

At seven P. M. we pass a spot where our driver informs us a Russian and German fell the week before, in a duel, which has excited much interest through Germany. We soon after arrive at Baden-Baden, a delightful place, situated in a beautiful valley, much like Chester, among our Berkshire hills.

We drive through a pleasant street, planted with trees, and bordered by gardens and tasteful residences, to several hotels, which we find overflowing. We alight at the new Hotel d'Europe, where a suite of rooms, reserved for Lord Ward, who is detained on the way, receives us. The house is large, commodious, and in excellent taste, four stories high, and apparently 100 feet by 60. The entrance is at the side, and in the centre is an area, perhaps thirty feet square, for the staircase and galleries. A flight of steps, at least ten feet wide, and lined with pots of myrtles and other flowers, ascends, with a gradual rise of four inches to the step, to a platform, from which you mount by a few steps to other platforms, on the right and left adorned with growing flowers, from which you again turn to the right and left and ascend to the second story by wide and easy flights of steps. The ascent is so easy and pleasant that you rise twenty feet almost without perceiving it. The rooms are large and well furnished. The host all courtesy and attention — the very pink of landlords. We sit down to a choice repast, which we suppose has been prepared for 'mi lord Anglais,' and partake of soup, fresh salmon, beef with truffles, cutlets, chickens, bird pie, partridges, sallad of superior quality, puddings, richly flavored with vanilla, fruit, claret, and champagne; a dinner which would have cost guineas in England, and is here furnished for a few francs.

We visit the beautiful pump-room, built in the style of a Grecian temple, and the conversation-room, in a portion of which we hear the music of a ball; in other parts observe faro and roulette tables. Here silver and gold change hands with celerity. Many

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gentlemen and some ladies retire with empty purses, while one, more fortunate than the rest, in a few minutes leaves with winnings to the amount of 6000 francs. Neither good nor ill fortune appears to disturb the equanimity of those presiding at the tables. The games proceed, and, under the sanction and patronage of government, a taste is fostered for gambling which must have demoralizing tendencies. I am yours, truly,

MASSACHUSETTS.

Baden-Baden, September 5, 1843.

LETTER XVI.

Baden-Baden — American Friends — Rastadt — Palace of the Margraves — Trophies and Tapestry — Hunting Hall — Promenade of Carlsrhue — Rail-way to Heidelberg.

My Dear Sir — After an early and agreeable walk this morning, through the pleasant streets of Baden-Baden, by gardens, flowers, tasteful houses, and fine old trees, we visit the pump-room, and taste the mineral waters which come boiling from the spring. We glance at the old village, a perfect contrast to the new, and are obliged to admit that in scenery, architecture, and good taste, this German watering-place far surpasses our Saratoga. Here assemble the gentry and nobles of Europe, from France, Switzerland, Prussia, the Netherlands, Russia, Austria, and England, and even America contributes her portion; for in our walks we meet two Boston friends, making the tour of the Continent, with whom we breakfast, and talk of our own happy home — of Boston, its enterprise and public spirit, its iron ways piercing the interior; of the new buildings, fifteen hundred of which are this season springing up within the city and environs, to receive its increasing population, a growth which would scarcely be credited in Europe.

We purchase a guide-book for the Rhine, and take leave of our friends and obliging host, who provides us with a carriage and horses for Carlsrhue. On our way we pass a military encampment, and, soon after, Rastadt. This ancient town is famous for two treaties made within its walls. As we enter, we observe laborers drawing, by hand, earth and stone, in light carts, running on grooves, and busy on ramparts, which Austria and Prussia, combining with the other States of Germany, are raising to repel any inroads from France. Thus, in the centre of civilized Europe, France, on one side of the Rhine, is maintaining armies to defend her frontier fortresses, and Germany, on the other, is lavishing millions on counter fortifications. Instead of this vast outlay to maintain force against force, how much more humane and philosophic would it be to lighten the burdens of the subject, to introduce 'works of amelioration,' to alleviate the labors of the females, and refine the people!

Within the walls we discover an ancient palace, once the residence of the Margraves of Baden. It forms three sides of a hollow square, which lies between the main building and the street. The extent, from the end of one wing to the other, not far from six hundred feet. We pass a sentinel at the gate, and are shown through the palace by a female. The basement is appropriated to carriages. In the story above, we examine a suite of halls and saloons, from twenty to fifty feet square.

We are struck with a hall hung with the trophies, taken from the Turk by the Margrave Lewis and Prince Eugene; namely, sabres, bows, arrows, shields, horse-tails, banners, saddles, trappings, and the armor worn by the Margrave during the war.

We proceed through a saloon encircled and panelled with Japan ware, doubtless brought over land from China.

A cabinet, where Marshal Villiers and Prince Eugene signed their treaty. A saloon richly ornamented with porcelain.

The State Chamber of the Margraves, in which the second Congress was held, hung with Gobelin tapestry, and containing also a bed in which Napoleon had slept.

The theatre, the tapestry saloon, the reception hall, and many others — with vaulted, painted, and gilded ceilings, and marble pilasters,—nearly all hung with large family pictures; some purporting to date in 1100, and

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representing warriors and statesmen in rich armor and ermine; and their wives, daughters, and courts, in full dress. In one room we observe portraits of three beautiful Circassians, presented to the Margrave Lewis by the Turk; a donation, as our guide informs us, by no means acceptable to the Margrave's lady!

Above are sleeping-rooms and a large hall, from which are suspended the spoils of the chase — immense antlers, and pictures of sportsmen shooting deer and wild bears, as they are driven into lakes.

Leaving Rastadt, we drive through a pleasant country to Carlsrhue, the road widening to a breadth of an hundred feet as we approach the city, and for two miles from the gates lined on each side with two rows of ancient overarching trees, forming a delightful and favorite promenade for the citizens. Such provision for the comfort and pleasure of the citizens is quite common in Germany, and may be copied with advantage in America. On our way, we pass a number of well-dressed young men, who, to our surprise, take off their hats and run beside our carriage, bowing and asking charity. Supposing from their appearance they have no need of alms, we decline to give; and, as their importunity continues, we take off our hats and bow to them in return, upon which they leave us. We subsequently learn they are apprentices, compelled, by the usage of the country, to travel for several years from town to town, to extend their knowledge before they begin business, and that the kind-hearted Germans frequently aid them on the road.

We leave our trunks at the rail-way station, and drive through a pleasant street to a hotel to dine, and, after dinner, walk to the station, which occupies a large area outside the city gates. Here a large engine-house, with a vaulted roof, is in the course of construction, with other spacious buildings for freight and passengers, all of a showy and costly character. The rail is of the bridge, or inverted *U* pattern, like the new rail of the Baltimore and Ohio line, and laid on longitudinal sills. The engines and cars are all short, and of the English pattern. The first class cars are like a gentleman's carriage. The second class have glass windows and haircloth seats. The third class have covers and seats. The fourth class are like open freight-cars, with rails, against which passengers may lean. The conductors wear wallets, in which they carry tickets, and keys to lock in the travellers.

Our train conveys four first class passengers, who pay two and a half cents per mile; twenty second class, paying one and three quarters cent per mile; and nearly forty third and fourth class, who pay, on an average, about one cent per mile. Our fuel is coke; the stations permanent, but too expensive. On our way we pass a long train of passengers, nearly all of whom are third and fourth class — classes which furnish the principal revenue of the line. And here let me notice, that the omnibus fare, from the rail-way to the hotel, is usually in France and Germany but eight cents of our currency for each passenger, with his baggage, and there is little doubt, if similar rates were introduced here, it would diminish that sharpness of competition so annoying to every one who travels.

The route of the rail-way, from Carlsrhue to Heidelberg, is across an intervale country, and eminently favorable. Our speed is about twenty miles per hour, and at eight P. M. we reach in safety the 'Hotel of the Court of Baden.'

Yours, truly,

MASSACHUSETTS.

Heidelberg, September 5, 1843.

LETTER XVII.

The Castle of Heidelberg — Library — The Bergstrasse Road — Darmstadt — Frankfort — The Rail-road — Mayence.

After a refreshing sleep at Heidelberg we rise to an early breakfast, and take a carriage for the ruins of the ancient Castle, climbing up a steep acclivity between blocks of small houses, many of which

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have in front an image of the Virgin. The castle is perched upon a steep hill nearly four hundred feet above the town, which lies at its foot. The loftiest tower is nearly one hundred feet high, and the walls and whole interior are a magnificent mass of ruins. Fire has destroyed the timber and the roofs. Every thing of wood has perished, mines and cannon have shaken or battered down portions of its towers and defences, but the relics of its grandeur and strength still remain, and the masonry in many cases bids defiance alike to art and to time.

The materials of this castle would have sufficed to build at least thirty structures like our State House in Boston. We wander for an hour by the remains of the palace, the chapel, dungeon, towers, and vast kitchens, terraces, gardens, and outworks. We examine a huge fragment of the wall, which, when undermined, slid down entire, like a solid rock. We admire some exquisite designs in stone in the front of the palace. The construction of such a pile must have been a heavy tax on the poor people of the Duchy.

We conclude to take the Bergstrasse road for Frankfort, and engage a barouche and two horses for our party; and, while our driver is preparing our equipage, we visit the celebrated Library. Rumor has informed me that it contains 136,000 bound books, but my doubts are not solved until I enter and examine the sixty-five folio volumes of catalogues, and walk through its extensive halls and alcoves. I must verify the rumor.

Beside books, this establishment contains many valuable relics and curiosities; we are shown beautiful manuscripts on parchment, written between 800 and 1500, a translation of Isaiah, by Martin Luther, in his own handwriting; many illuminated volumes printed in 1400 and 1500; many ancient English works, and all the modern of value. Among others we observe an ancient English volume, purporting to be a life of Cardinal Woolsey; also, the speeches in Parliament on the abolition of the Star Chamber. This valuable library is accessible to seven hundred students, and to all the residents in the place, who may take out books at pleasure.

At eleven A. M. we drive over a fine bridge, decorated with statues, and enter the Bergstrasse, one of the most picturesque routes in Europe; the road winds along the borders of extensive intervales at the base of a range of mountains resembling the Green Mountains of Vermont, cloth-ed half-way up with vines and crowned with forests; the country below most luxuriant. We pass alternate fields of grain, Indian corn, hemp, turnips, potatoes, grass and tobacco; the latter, both in size and abundance, sufficient to excite the alarm of a Virginian. We see few cattle or horses. The population seems to be entirely agricultural; the females at work with the males in the fields, without bonnets or shoes, and their companions wear three-cornered hats and gaiters. At Heppenheim we lunch on bread and cheese, and reach Darmstadt to dine, where we refresh ourselves with a glass of sparkling hockheimer. In the coffee-room where we dine we notice many respectable men, whom we take to be merchants, entering and calling each for a half bottle of Rhenish wine, which is placed on a small table. The visitors, walking up and down the room engaged in conversation, occasionally stop at their tables to sip a little of their favorite beverage.

Our road continues nearly a dead level to Frankfort, and, at the present price of iron in England, might, at an expense of $8000 per mile, be converted into a very efficient railway.

At nine P. M. we reach Frankfort, after a pleasant drive of fifty miles, at a very moderate expense. The city is full of strangers, assembling for the annual Fair; and with much difficulty, after visiting several houses, we secure apartments for the night at a principal hotel. We take our coffee in a spacious hall or coffee-room, where we see ladies and gentlemen sipping coffee, completely enveloped in tobacco smoke. We find our host and his attendants speak English, and are very courteous; and after a night's repose rise at five A. M. to take the rail-way for Mayence.

The station for Frankfort is out of the

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city. As we approach, we observe an elegant stone building, at least three stories high, and two hundred feet long, with a flower-garden and carriage-way lying between it and the highway.

The omnibus deposits us, with our companions and trunks, in the open air at a small door, on the principal front, within which every article of our baggage is to be weighed, and if in excess over fifty pounds, the overplus is to be paid for as freight. When this process is completed you enter a ticket-office and purchase a ticket, and then follow your baggage through the building and across an open court to long sheds in the rear, running at right angles from the main building. In these the cars are stationed; and you discover, to your surprise, that the main edifice is for clerks, not passengers, and is a useless barrier between the omnibus and the cars; for the expense and annoyance of weighing and moving the baggage must equal all that is gained for the freight of it, to say nothing of the exposure of the passengers to the weather.

The rates of fare are moderate, the charges for the first class passengers about the same as on our roads; for the second, third, and fourth classes, much lower. We have but three first class passengers, while there are six cars well filled with the other classes, pride yielding to thrift. The country is populous, the soil light; we notice flax, orchards, mowing, and less tobacco than yesterday. We accomplish our twenty miles in an hour and five minutes, and drive across a bridge of boats to the steamer at Mayence.

Yours, truly,

MASSACHUSETTS.

Mayence, Sept. 7, 1843.

LETTER XVIII.

The Rhine — A Prussian Steamer — Coblentz — Cologne.

The Prussian steamer Konig, in which we embark at Mayence, is 184 feet long, 21 feet beam, 4 feet draft of water, and 120 horse-power, her wheels 18 feet in diameter, and her revolutions 28 per minute. Her commander is a Frenchman, who courteously gives me these particulars, and assures me she has shown a speed of 21 miles per hour with the advantage of the current, and that he has made the run from Mayence to Cologne, 150 English miles, between 8 A. M. and 5 P. M., of which time nearly two hours were consumed in stops. Such is the rapidity of the current, that the descending boat is obliged to turn entirely round when she stops to land or receive passengers. The model of this steamer is beautiful, but the room extremely limited. The engine and boilers are below, as in English steamers, and occupy at least a third of the vessel. An after and forward cabin of moderate size are alone appropriated to the passengers, and there is nothing above the main deck except a light awning. With 100 passengers, the number this morning, she is apparently crowded. Contrast this vessel for a moment with another low-pressure boat, the noble Knickerbocker, on the Hudson. A length of 330 feet. The cabin a grand saloon, of nearly the same length, lined with berths and state-rooms. On the main deck, a long and beautiful Ladies' cabin, and ranges of state-rooms, with ample room for freight. Above, another fine saloon, in length at least 200 feet, with state-rooms on either side, terminating at one end in a long covered promenade and in a gallery at the other, and above all an open deck, commanding a view of the scenery on either side. In such a steamer 1000 passengers are easily accommodated by day, and at least 500 may sleep at night, moving at a speed of twenty miles per hour. In river steamers we as yet have no rivals.

But in this glance at one of my hobbies, steam navigation, let me not forget the RHINE, that noble stream, associated with so many events, and of which so much has been said and sung. At the point where we embark it resembles the Hudson at Albany, and is not far from 1000 feet wide. At the rapids in the highlands, below, it occasionally contracts to 400 feet, and dashes on amid whirl-

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pools and rapids with a fearful speed, sweeping in a devious course around the bases of the mountains. The morning is delightful, and the changing scenery most exhilarating.

We pass in rapid succession the beautiful and extensive Chateau of the Duke of Nassau, at Biberich, the ruined Castle of Erbach, the decaying city of Ingleheim—once the residence of the great Charlemagne—and are soon among the highlands of the Rhine. Here hills, not quite as high and more rounded than the highlands of the Hudson, press in upon the river. They are terraced and planted with grape-vines to the summit, which on the highest is crowned with shrubbery; they approach so closely to the stream, that they leave barely room for a narrow causeway, or tow-path, on the borders of the river. Deep, narrow, and often fertile valleys open between them, through which, as we rush onward with the combined power of steam and water, we catch glimpses of the landscape beyond. Occasional brooks and rivulets pour in their tribute through these valleys, and, clustering around their mouths are towns and villages, with their ancient walls still standing. On almost every eminence, is the ruin of some crumbling castle, a relic of feudal times, connected with which is some ancient tale or legend. Nature has invested the Hudson with more grandeur, but on either side of the Rhine is a picture, touched I may say by the old masters, at least one hundred miles in extent, which, by its beauty and variety, its monuments and its associations, speaks to the heart.

We pass the celebrated vineyards of Johannisberg, Rudesheim, Asmanhausen, and Hockheim, (whose juice is not unknown on our side of the Atlantic, and one of which claims Prince Metternich as its proprietor,) and we single out, as most worthy of admiration, the castles of Rheinfels, Furstenburg, Gutenfels, and Schonberg. Stolzenfels, a little above the mouth of the blue Moselle, has been restored to all its pristine splendor. A few years since this extensive ruin was offered for sale at an hundred thalers. It was purchased by the heir apparent of Prussia, and has been entirely renewed, and rebuilt, and now presents a most imposing appearance. A few miles below, opposite the mouth of the Moselle, is the great fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibraltar of Germany, upon which have been expended the millions recovered from France by Prussia.

Between Bingen and Coblentz, as we pass the heights of St. Goar, a pistol is discharged from the right bank, which echoes like thunder through the hills. We pass the point where the Prussians cried out with enthusiasm, 'the Rhine, the Rhine,' as they suddenly came upon it, on their way to France, under Blucher. As we approach Coblentz, the view is most beautiful; on the left is the city with its churches, spires, and other structures, and green hills in the background; opposite, is Ehrenbreitstein, with its towers, fosses, ramparts, and gardens rising from the water to the summit of a high eminence. Between them is a bridge of boats. Beyond the bridge are two sailing vessels, with all sail set to a fair wind, struggling to ascend the stream; behind us is an immense raft, acres in extent, floating down, and another steamer following in our wake. We approach the bridge with winged speed, and my wonder is, how we are to pass it, when suddenly a section resting on three boats, gives way, and, turning on one end, as on a pivot, swings round with the force of the current until it floats at right angles with the bridge, and opens a passage at least 150 feet wide. In a few minutes the various craft are through, and the breach closes by the power of the windlass, and other mechanism. Such a bridge, thus arranged, would not interfere with the navigation of the Hudson.

Steam navigation is fast increasing on the Rhine. From fifteen to twenty steamers, in summer, daily stop at Cologne.

Our dinner in the steamer vividly reminds me of that so happily described by Miss Sedgwick, in her travels, with the exception that we keep no ladies waiting. We find a German dinner is a matter of grave consideration; a preface of soup, successive chapters of fish, beef, cutlets, turkeys, game, spinnage, lettuce, puddings, pastry, and

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goats-milk cheese, with an appendix of Rhenish wines, apricots, pears, plums, confectionary, and coffee. Among our companions in the steamer, at least twenty are English, and four or five Americans; opposite to us, at our table, sits Mr. H., an English gentleman, who has lost his eyesight, and is returning with his family from a tour on the Continent. Mr. H. has been minister abroad, is very intelligent and affable, and grateful for some little attentions which we cheerfully render, as he seems to be occasionally forgotten by his companions.

Upon the deck is their travelling carriage, entirely encircled by trunks, or rather a huge trunk itself, with a case inside for the family; the driver's box, the top, the bottom, the seats, the box for the footman, in the rear, are all cases for clothing. We reach the old and far-famed city of Cologne at five P. M., paying the very reasonable price of seventeen francs each for our fare, and secure excellent rooms, most tastefully furnished, at a hotel overlooking the Rhine.

Yours, ever,

MASSACHUSETTS.

Cologne, September 8, 1843.

LETTER XIX.

Cologne — The Cathedral — Theatre — Rail-way to Aix-la-Chapelle — Annoying Detention — the Great Rail-way of Germany — Verviers — and the Cloth Manufacture.

On our arrival at Cologne we engage a carriage, and *valet de place*, with a view to see the objects of interest, and are accompanied by a New York gentleman, who joined us on the Rhine. The cathedral is an unfinished structure, begun on an immense scale; but a small portion is complete; the part completed, however, is very imposing. On one of the towers still stands a crane, to show the idea of finishing it is not abandoned; and a number of workmen, in the employ of the Prussian government, are slowly progressing with repairs and additions. We observe many ancient churches, and some fine private houses, but the streets are narrow and confined. The population is now 70,000, and less than in former days, when troops of pilgrims came here to visit the relics and shrines of the Kings of Cologne. Its sun, however, is not set forever, it is about to become a great mart of trade. A line of rail-way is nearly finished, which next month will be complete, and bring it within twelve hours of Antwerp, and Ostend. If skilfully managed, this line will be the great route for merchandise and passengers between the sea and the centre of Germany; Cologne will then become a great depot of commerce.

As we return to the hotel, the coachman cracks his whip, the valet dismounts, and our landlord, opening the door of the carriage, very politely offers his arm to assist us to alight. Col. W —— receives this attention as the custom of the country, but our friend from Worcester county, reared in the plain republican habits of the interior of Massachusetts, whispers, that he cannot submit to such obsequiousness, and, to the surprise of the landlord, springs by him to the ground without touching the steps.

In the evening we visit the Theatre. The performances are short but spirited. A comic piece is acted, in which there is much pantomime, and in which I easily follow the performers, and am struck with the similarity between our own language and the German. The tickets to the best seats are less than half a dollar, and the play is over at the hour of nine.

At an early hour in the morning of September 8, we drive to the rail-way station and take the cars for Aix-la-Chapelle; the distance is forty-three miles. The station is like those I have described, but in other respects the rail-way resembles the Boston and Worcester; the rail, the curvature, and the country remind me of our line to Worcester. The cars are of three classes; — the first class padded and glazed; the second covered, cushioned, and curtained; the third class is open, and supplied with seats. The charges are, in American currency, $1.44 for the first class, $1.08 for the second, and $0,72 for the third. In our train we

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have 10 first class passengers and 70 second and third, and the average price paid is not far from one dollar for each passenger. We pass over a rolling and sometimes broken country, producing oats, grass, and potatoes. We observe several large cuts, embankments, and tunnels, with severe gradients. At one point our engine, of a light English pattern, nearly stops from lack of power. We notice guards at all the road-crossings, which are on a level, and reach Aix-la-Chapelle in two hours and three quarters from the time we left Cologne.

The entrance to Aix-la-Chapelle is very pleasing; the rail-way descends rapidly by a long and magnificent viaduct; and the city, with its spires, turrets, and white buildings appears embosomed in a beautiful country of alternate swells and valleys of the most vivid green. The depot is a large building three stories high, but presents nothing worthy of comment, or of copying.

On our arrival at Aix-la-Chapelle, we find the diligence for Belgium is not to leave for two hours, and suppose we have ample time at our disposal to ride through and examine this beautiful city; but to avoid detention we determine first to secure our seats, and for this purpose drive to the office of the diligence. We arrive there, and are deposited with our trunks in a hollow square, and find ourselves encircled by at least an hundred passengers, and their baggage.

A scene occurs it is almost impossible to describe. We apply for seats in the *coupée*, but are told that we cannot have them until our trunks are weighed and certified. We discover in one corner a scale surrounded by trunks, and a crowd of travellers, each urgent for priority; a scale which is to receive successively, trunks, valises, boxes, and carpet-bags without number. We divide our party into four detachments, one to see that every thing is carried to the scale, one to take the certificate of each article, another to see they are not separated afterwards, and a fourth to engage if possible a private carriage. After many delays our articles are weighed, but some mistake is made by the weigh-master, and a part must be weighed again; at length the certificates are signed, and we apply for our tickets, but are told we can have *no places* except in the *rotunde*. But we have tried this once on a dusty road, and we urge, that we have spoken early for the *coupée*, and if we cannot have it will look for a private carriage. At this moment our detachment, No. 4, reports, that he has found a private carriage; when, to our dismay, five or six porters seize our trunks and carpet-bags, and bear them away to as many different diligences, alike heedless of remonstrance, reproof, and resistance. In this posture of affairs, the ticket-seller informs us, that he will give us a carryall, and assures us, that we may rely on finding our baggage safe at the custom-house on the frontier. As soon as we are free, at the last moment, we are told our passports must be inspected, and two of us engage a guide and hurry to the bureau of the police. While we are gone, although it still lacks ten minutes of the hour for our departure, our coachman mounts the box, gives one of the three seats of our carriage to a lady and her child, insists that he cannot wait, and begins to drive onward. A douceur of a few francs induces him to stop. We fortunately arrive in a few moments, and are on our way before the appointed hour, and thus, in this annoying manner, we waste two hours, and lose the privilege of seeing Aix-la-Chapelle.

We reach the custom-house on the frontier; the diligences and other carriages are drawn up in a line, the trunks and packages are arranged in front of the office, opened and inspected by a very courteous set of officials, but one of value, the property of Col. W—, containing specie, letters of credit, and important papers, is missing. The other trunks are replaced, our coachman refuses to wait, mounts his box, cracks his whip, and begins to move onward. We are compelled to submit; and, on attempting to enter, find another passenger has been admitted, and has taken one of our seats. The new-comer, however, on reading the expression of our faces, retires to the back seat and holds the child, and we are again in motion. Amid all our perplexities, however, our attention is drawn to the magnificent

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works of the new rail-way from Aix-la-Chapelle to Belgium; it crosses a broken country by tunnels and viaducts on a gigantic scale; the designs are striking, and the masonry of the most massive and enduring character; the work, admirably executed, promises to endure for centuries. Great pains have been taken with the high embankments, which are faced or paved with stone, to preserve them. We arrive at Verviers, and determine to stop there for redress. We demand the trunk at the bureau of the diligence, and exhibit Col. W.'s receipt for it. The official shakes his head, and tells us he can do nothing, that we must send back a messenger to recover it. We ask, if the Company will do this, or make us any remuneration for our delay. To this he briefly replies, 'nothing;' 'that we must pay ourselves; that he is but an agent, and *the King of Prussia* owns the diligences.' We talk of the police, and of the law, but he hears us unmoved. We tell the coachman to take us to the hotel, as we shall stop; he drives us a few steps and charges us for it four francs extra!

We inquire, if there is an Englishman or an American at Verviers, and find a countryman from New York, engaged in the manufacture of cloth. He says, the law and the police will not help us, that we must consent to be 'victimized,' and at his suggestion we send back an express. In the course of the night he returns with the missing trunk, which reached the custom-house by a slow diligence a few minutes after our impatient coachman hurried us away. Thus much for Royal diligences!

We have no reason to regret our detention at Verviers; our inn is excellent, and our American friend walks with us through the town, which is increasing, and in size and appearance resembles our Lowell; he also conducts us through a large manufactory of broadcloth. He informs us, that cloth is made cheaper here than in any part of the world; that wages are from half a franc to a franc per day; that the operatives live upon bread and coffee, and know not the taste of meat; that cloth, better than any we can import under our present tariff, is made here for $2,25 per yard; that 20,000 operatives are busily employed in making it in the place and its vicinity, where an abundance of coal is found for the steam-engine; that several new and extensive factories are in progress, and many of the proprietors have acquired immense wealth.

The pale faces of the operatives attest their meagre diet; the master prospers, but the servants pine; they are, however, a kind-hearted and affectionate race, all Catholics. A week before our arrival the wife of a proprietor had died, and for days following the females at their work were chanting requiems and hymns for the repose of her soul.

I remain, as ever,

MASSACHUSETTS.

Verviers, September 8, 1843.

LETTER XX.

The Rail-ways of Belgium — Valley of the Vesdre — Liege — Malines — A whole Country in Motion.

DURING our stay at Verviers we visit the rail-way station at the present terminus of the great Belgian chain. The line has been recently finished to this point, and the permanent buildings are still incomplete; but a large area has been purchased, and all the structures in progress are on a proper scale and of a substantial character. We are received by an official, who courteously shows us the buildings and cars. The latter consist of three classes, all short, and on four wheels. The first class cars are well padded, about five feet high, and divided into two compartments, each holding nine passengers, who face each other. The second class are covered, and have haircloth seats, but some have curtains instead of windows. The third class are open and divided into four parts, with side seats parallel to each other, like those of an omnibus, and carry forty passengers. The engines are of the English pattern, with six wheels.

At half past six, on the morning of the 9th, we take an omnibus to the depot, and

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purchase tickets for ourselves and baggage, for which a small extra charge is made. The charges are, for the first class passengers two cents per mile, second class one and four tenths, and third class eight tenths of a cent; and it is a gratifying fact to the philanthropist, that all attempts to advance these rates have diminished the revenue of the rail-ways, which pay a fair interest on the outlay, and bid fair to become very productive as the freight traffic, now in its infancy, becomes developed, and the lines completed.

Our train conveys 104 persons. Of these, 20, including a portion of our party, and many English, are first class; 26 second class; and 58, or more than half, third class. As the morning is clear and delightful, and I am desirous to see the country and the route, I take my seat in the rear car, with the third class passengers, and find there many well-dressed and respectable people. Beside me sits a very pleasant and intelligent priest, and a very polished gentleman with him, who converse with ease and fluency in French and Latin, point out to me many objects of interest, and make many inquiries about America. One of them styles the rail-way the *viam ferream*, which is certainly more euphonious than the *Chemnin de fer*, of France, or the *Isebar*, of Germany. The conductor, who speaks German, English, and French, and has but 1200 francs, or $225 a year, is as courteous and gentlemanly as any one I have ever seen in that office.

In a few moments after our train is arranged, the station-bell rings. The conductor, at the head of the train, sounds his bugle; the guard, at the other extremity, blows his bugle in reply, and we are in motion. We follow the valley of the Vesdre, a small stream like that of our Pontoosuc valley, and cross and re-cross the stream by frequent bridges, and pierce the spurs of the interlocking hills by tunnels, of which there are no less than eleven in the twenty miles between Verviers and Liege, one of which is more than half a mile in length. The country is broken, and resembles the Agawam and Valatie valleys, between Boston and Albany. We pass many chateaus, the residences of the nobility and gentry, and a large zinc manufactory, from which large supplies are sent to the United States. We travel slowly, on account of the gradients and curves; and, as there are no sparks, our seat is one of the most pleasant in the train. In the open car, with us, are many well-dressed females, who use parasols to shelter them from the sun. We enter the ancient city of Liege by a light and graceful stone bridge, on three elliptic arches across the Meuse, here five hundred feet wide. This structure shows the decided improvement of modern art, and is far superior to an ancient and heavy stone bridge above, of six arches, built two centuries since.

At Liege we engage a carriage, and drive for two hours through this fine old city, built principally of stone. We pass the quay, on the banks of the river, the theatre, the baths, in a fine building with a beautiful garden in front, many large squares, and enter the Court of the Palais of Justice. This venerable old palace is built around a hollow square, at least two hundred feet wide, was erected three hundred and twenty-five years since, and, in the time of Henry the Fourth of France, was described by the queen of Navarre as one of the finest palaces of Europe. It is still beautiful, and in fine preservation.

We visit St. Paul's Church, the interior of which is in exquisite taste; its size, 250 feet by 80; its gothic architecture, fretted and painted roof, rich altar, tessellated floor, and fine paintings, with the mellowed light which comes through the narrow windows, seem to predispose one to devotion.

We examine the largest and best arcade we have seen in Europe; a building nearly an eighth of a mile in length, admirably lighted by sky-lights above and by a large dome in the centre, and lined with many gay shops. We pass the market-house, and for half a franc purchase a basket filled with choice peaches, plums, and pears, and return to the depot in season to proceed to Antwerp by the noon train. We now number 20 first class, 12 second, 70 third class passengers. Many of the latter are ladies, who seek shelter from the sun under their parasols, of

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which I observed five or six in one car. In another, I noticed several clergymen, wearing three-cornered hats.

We ascend from Liege an inclined plane of two miles by stationary power, so well managed that few of our party observe any difference in our motion, or notice the change from the fixed engine to the locomotive at the summit. As we proceed, the country becomes more level, populous, and highly cultivated. We notice large fields of wheat stubble, oats, potatoes, clover, flax, and English beans, and frequent villages and church steeples. The rail-road is admirably built with the exception of the rail, which is an edge rail, on chairs apparently of not more than forty pounds to the yard. When the cuts exceed ten feet in depth, we notice a space of at least two feet between the drain and the bank, and the face of the cut divided into two slopes, one above the other, as a precaution against slides. Nearly all the road-crossings are on a level, and are made perfectly secure by a guard and turnpike bar. The guards at these points are all furnished with handspikes, and, as we pass, stand erect, and present arms like soldiers. With such discipline, remissness and inattention cannot often occur.

At Louvain our train has 36 first class passengers, principally English, 92 second class, and 120 third class. The average price paid by each person is about one and one sixth cent per mile. We soon reach Malines, the great central station, where the lines from Ostend, Lille, Antwerp, Liege, and other stations, intersect and exchange passengers. A most beautiful exhibition presents itself; five trains, for as many different points, are drawn up in parallel lines. The passengers, principally in open cars, with many females and children interspersed, in light colored dresses, have a most gay and lively appearance. From 1500 to 2000 passengers are assembled. For a few moments there is a rapid movement from car to car; but soon the interchange is effected, and train after train takes its departure. The whole system of Belgium is the most liberal, judicious, and admirably conducted in Europe; contributes most to the social intercourse and innocent amusement of the people, confers inestimable benefits on commerce, has been conceived by philosophic men, independent of and above the influence of narrow and grovelling minds and popular caprice. It does honor to the country, and deserves the imitation of enlightened nations.

At Malines we notice a preference is given for engine-houses of an oblong pattern, not far from sixty feet in length, with side windows, like those of our churches, reaching nearly to the ground. From Malines to Antwerp we proceed across a level country, highly cultivated, producing clover, beans, carrots, turnips, potatoes, and grain, and arrive at the station, without the ramparts of Antwerp, at 6 o'clock, P. M.

I remain, yours ever,

MASSACHUSETTS.

Antwerp, September 9, 1843.

LETTER XXI.

Antwerp — Mass at the Cathedral — Galleries of the Fine Arts — Honors to Genius — The Soho Steamer — A Voyage to London — The Custom-House.

ARRIVING at Antwerp, we drive to the Hotel d'Angleterre, but soon regret we are not at the Hotel d'Antoine, one of the best in Europe. We are shown indifferent rooms; but, on remonstrating, obtain the best in the house. The next morn we attend the solemn service of mass, at the ancient and venerable cathedral. This time-honored structure, which towers to the height of 466 feet, was commenced in 1422, nearly a century before the discovery of America. The corner-stone of the choir was laid in 1521, by the Emperor Charles the Fifth. The length of the building is 480 feet, the width 240, the height of the interior 360. It is decorated by some of the choicest pictures of Rubens; which, during the service, are screened from the public eye, to prevent any interruption to the service. The base of the cathedral is incrusted with many houses, clinging to it

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like so many barnacles to a rock. These, by contrast, appear most diminutive.

We pass a bronze statue of Rubens, the great painter, of whom the Antwerpians are justly proud; also the celebrated Pump, made by another great painter; the Exchange, built in 1351, a monument of the ancient greatness of Antwerp. It surrounds an open square, 200 by 160 feet. Below is a piazza, formed by iron arches and granite columns. Above are the halls of the Chamber of Commerce, and a clock and a sundial. The structure is so perfect, and so appropriate for an Exchange, that I can scarcely realize that it was the resort of merchants, and the centre of an extensive and flourishing commerce, at least two centuries before Shakspeare wrote of rich argosies and galleons.

The galleries of the fine arts are thrown open to the public. A sentinel guards the entrance to preserve good order, and citizens and strangers enter at their pleasure to view the treasure they contain. In the old gallery are pictures by the great masters of Flanders, far surpassing any we have seen in England or France, and some of the *chef d'œuvres* of genius. Here are pictures which arrest the step and send a thrill through the frame. The great picture of the Crucifixion, by Rubens, presenting the Saviour and the Two Thieves in the last agonies of death, is indelibly fixed in my memory. The Call of St. Matthew, by Van Veen; The Annunciation, by Lens, are most admirable and exciting.

From this collection we pass to other more extensive galleries, opening upon a flower-garden, devoted to modern paintings; and, from the number of artists named in the catalogue, and their productions, I judge there must still exist a great taste for the fine arts in Antwerp.

We admire particularly the Arrest of Charles the First, by Jacquand; a market scene by candle-light, by Schendel; Peter the Great at Saärdam, by Wappers; the death of Tasso, by Wittkemp; Jane Shore dying of famine, by Biard; and the visit of Charles the First with his family to the painter Van Dyke. These pictures, with many more I have not time to particularize, are eminently beautiful, and I regret that I have not the power to remove to Boston either the originals or copies. I am delighted to observe the interest in these exhibitions evinced by the countless throngs of well-dressed people, of all ages and classes, who resort to the galleries, and also the propriety of their deportment. Such exhibitions must have a tendency to refine and humanize.

The fine steamer Soho is about to sail for London. We separate from our accomplished friend, Colonel W., who proceeds to Holland, and embark, with about 75 passengers, for England, and by 1 P. M. are on our way down the Scheldt. Our companions are principally English tourists, with a sprinkling of French and Germans. Among the former is the blind Mr. H., whom we met upon the Rhine, with his party and carriage encased with trunks. A smooth summer's sea gives us a fine passage, and by seven A. M. we are entering the Thames. By a quarter to ten o'clock A. M. we land at the Blackwall pier.

In imagination we have appropriated the morning to pleasant excursions about London. The day is unusually fine and inviting, and we are hurrying away, but find ourselves close prisoners. Every trunk and package must be examined *seriatim* by a single official and his clerks. A surly porter permits one person only to enter the office at a time, and calls our names from the berth-list of the steamer. Having devoted our last moments at Antwerp to the galleries, we soon ascertain, to our infinite chagrin, that a wearisome detention awaits us, and the barometer of our spirits falls rapidly. The list is slowly called. When the door opens, all press forward with hope, but one only hears his name. Hour passes after hour. At length the H. family are called, and enter the door followed, to our utter consternation, by their trunk of a carriage. 'What!' exclaims the crowd, 'is that also to be unpacked and scrutinized while we stand here?' 'O that Sir Robert Peel were here!' cries one; 'O that the queen or the Duke of Wellington were here,' says another; 'I wish for Mr. Hume,'

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cries another, 'for he cuts down the Establishment;' 'O'Connel would not submit to this,' urges an Irish lady; 'for he asserts the rights of the people.' Some are eloquent in favor of free trade; others decry Pitt for the national debt, which brings down upon them the excise, the income tax, and the custom-house. The men become excited, and the ladies fretful. A rich old gentleman, returning from his travels, tries to console them by urging, that the debt has saved England from a revolution. 'Yes,' cries another, 'it is doubly unfortunate; for, by a revolution, we should have escaped both from the debt and the aristocracy.' Amidst all this, my friend C. quietly sits down at a table, and, while I urge that in America we would, by our newspapers, correct such an evil in a week, he very silently takes notes of all that occurs. A whisper soon circulates that he is the famous Col. Crockett, and is taking notes for publication. The fever rapidly subsides, and several ladies faintly express a hope that he will not caricature them.' I ask them, in reply, what they think Hall, Fiddler, Trollope, or Dickens would have made of such a dish in America, and if we are not privileged to retaliate. Our turn, at length, arrives, and, with the day nearly gone, after a detention of about four hours, we escape from our prison. It is the more provoking as it disappoints all our plans and arrangements for our remaining eight days in Europe, and deprives us of all hope of seeing Edinburgh and Dublin, and, after all, there is nothing in our trunks to detain the inspector three minutes. We visit our commercial friends and transact business; in the evening view the fire-works at gardens on the south side of the Thames — after which we go to various shops in the Strand, to purchase a few articles of dress and presents for our wives and children, and find the retail prices are nearly as high as in Boston. The rents of the shops on this street do not materially vary from those of similar shops in our great thoroughfare, Washington street. The taxes, however, are much higher in London than in Boston. We sleep at the London tavern, Ludgate Hill, and I remain

Yours ever,

MASSACHUSETTS.

London, September 12th, 1843.

LETTER XXII.

Great Western Rail-way — Oxford — Ancient Colleges — Dr. Pusey — Depression of Property — Anti-Corn Law Meeting — Messrs. Bright, Cobden, and Lord Norreys.

On the morning of September 12th we transact business with the great iron house of T. and F., Thames St., London, and ascertain that our purchase has risen in value several thousand pounds during our absence on the Continent. After making definite arrangements for the shipment of the iron we take an early dinner, and drive to the station of the Great Western Rail-way, at Paddington. On our way, we pass the edge of Regent's Park, and have a view of this extensive and beautiful pleasure-ground. Among the modern improvements of London, there is nothing more pleasing to me, than this provision for the comfort, recreation, and health of its population. The parks also afford the most prominent and beautiful sites for architectural display; and here the rich, while they gratify their own taste in the erection of beautiful mansions, may contribute to the embellishment of the city.

The distance from the city to the station is, at least, four miles, and, as we advance, we notice various signs indicating our approach to the Great Western Rail-way. The passenger station is large and commodious, but we have little time to examine the details; the hour for departure has arrived, we hasten to secure seats, and are soon in rapid motion.

This line has a track seven feet wide, and is one of the most costly in England, expense having been disregarded in the attempt to reduce it as nearly as possible to an air line, and dead level. The speed is great, but the cars have an uneasy motion, and although some of them are tastefully lined, padded, and lighted with plate-glass; the second class, in which it is the usage of the country to travel, have no windows, and are comfortless in the extreme, and they are all as different from our own as a small closet is from a well-lighted and airy drawing-room. The idea of rail-way accommodation in England, appears to have been taken from the

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stage-coach for six inside and ten outside. The first class car is made to conform to a small, close carriage, and the second class to the outside of the coach, with this difference only, that a permanent umbrella is placed over the heads of the travellers. In other respects, they require great-coats, mufflers, and fear-noughts, quite as much as the top of the coach.

Engineers differ, as to the policy of giving width to the track. There is no doubt it admits of rather more speed, but there are countervailing objections, which must, I think, prevent the general adoption of wide tracks in America.

As you widen the track, you must increase in the same proportion the width, and, of course, the cost of the cuts and embankments. You must increase the length of the axles of every engine and car, and, as you increase the length, you must also add to the diameter of the axle, and the size of the wheels. The dead-weight of the train is thus rapidly augmented, the capacity of the train for freight and passengers diminished, or a weight injurious to the rail is thrown upon the wheels. Extreme speed is purchased, too, by increased weight, and wear of the engine and cars, and consumption of fuel, to say nothing of greater danger to the passenger; for, in case of accidents, the violence of the shock must be proportioned to the velocity, and it is far easier to arrest a moderate speed than the rapid motion of a powerful and heavy engine.

In our country, too, the expense of clearing the track from snow, and overcoming high gradients, would be much augmented. I give, therefore, a decided preference to our almost uniform width of four feet eight and a half inches, which is the same as that of the London and Birmingham. I am also satisfied that the speed of thirty miles per hour exclusive of stops, which we may, and often do, attain on our lines, is sufficient for all practical purposes.

The course of the great western rail-way to Steventon, where we propose to take coach for Oxford, is along the valley of the Thames, a small placid river, one of the most easy routes I have ever seen; such a route that in America, after paying a duty of one hundred per cent. on English rails, of sixty pounds to the yard, we should have constructed and equipped on it a single track equal to the Concord and Nashau on a similar route, at a cost of $18,000, or £4,000 per mile, and for £2,000 a mile more have laid down a double-track. The outlay here has exceeded £50,000 a mile, a large part of which has been spent in law expenses, conciliating great landholders, costly tunnels, and viaducts, to preserve levels and insure unusual speed.

With the same business, if built on the American plan and scale of expenditure, it would return, annually, from fifty to eighty per cent.

In this critique upon this rail-way, I must, however, do justice to the eminent engineer who built it; his leading objects were speed and permanence, and these have been obtained; and the work must endure, a lasting memorial of the mechanical skill and vast capital of the age.

We fly through and over a beautiful country, highly cultivated, presenting many views of the Thames; we catch a glimpse of the turrets of Windsor, crowning a height in the distance. We pass Reading, an unpretending town, with a modern jail built of brick, in the style of a feudal castle, and in two hours reach Steventon, sixty miles from London, for which distance the fare in the second class car is eight shillings.

We here take the omnibus for Oxford, which we reach soon after dark. As we approach, we descend a hill, from the summit of which the lights of the city are visible in the rich valley beneath. A mist overhangs the city, which chills us as we approach, and, at the suggestion of the driver, we alight at the Star Inn, near the centre of Oxford. While we sit at the tea-table, unconscious of having a friend or acquaintance at this ancient seat of letters, and somewhat indisposed from our chilling ride, a gentleman enters, and inquires if either of us is Professor Walker, from America; we answer in the negative, observing, we are his friends, but are not aware that he is at this time in England. Our visitor presents a card received from the Professor, and addressed from 'The Star,' and we soon trace him to

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his room, where we are delighted to recognize one of our most public-spirited men. Our visitor proves to be Mr. W., of Oxford, whose kindness, cordiality, and warmth of manner, carry me home to America. He invites us to breakfast, and promises us a guide to the colleges and antiquities of Oxford.

This morning, September 13th, a party of four Americans assemble at the table of Mr. W., who occupies a neat and comfortable house in one of the pleasantest streets of the city. Our entertainment beside tea, toast, and eggs, the usual English breakfast, is conversation about the two countries. Mr. W. speaks of the depression of trade, of the taxes, which are not far from one dollar on each of his windows, six dollars on his light carriage, and eight dollars on his horse, beside taxes on his house furniture, and income and heavy duties, or excise, on most of the necessaries of life. He informs us, property has fallen within a few years thirty per cent. in Oxford, as it has also in many other parts of England, and sees no prospects of improvement except from giving greater freedom to trade, and thus rendering less onerous the burdens of the subject. We discuss America, the condition and comforts of the masses there, the progress of temperance, education, and virtue, the wonderful achievements of steam on land and water, which have bound the twenty-six States in closer bonds than the old thirteen, and given to each large city the power to assemble in a day an army for its defence. Of the rapid recovery of the union from its temporary depression, of the progress of commerce on our inland Baltics, Adriatics, and Mediterraneans. We speak of slavery, and repudiation, as I trust, every Christian and honest man should speak; but when asked if the North would sustain the South in any national contest with Europe, I do not hesitate to answer, we should act as one nation, united by one Constitution.

A brother of Mr. W. kindly conducts us through Oxford, and well does it repay us for our visit. For as we walk through colleges, chapels, and cloisters preserved for centuries with jealous care, as they were in the days of Woolsey, and if, I err not, in one case, in the days of Alfred, we feel as if we were breathing in another age, which we have known only in history. The bricks and the stone may be inferior to our granite, but the massive structures, the ancient architecture, the venerable chapels, and time-honored halls and libraries, the sombre churches, velvet lawns, the quiet courts, devoted to science, and the shady walks along the clear streams, which unite to form the Thames, make a most pleasing impression. We view a modern and tasteful monument recently erected to the Martyrs of Oxford. We enter and admire the beautiful chapel of New College, with its immense painted window, seen through the organ as you stand near the altar, where we notice sculpture by Westmacot. We examine the New College, the libraries, with their 400,000 volumes. We enjoy, from the top of the Bodleian, a panoramic view of Oxford. We traverse Magdalen College and Chapel, Addison's walk, pass under Dr. Pusey's window, who, we are told, is in correspondence with the Catholics. We pass a chapel of the old Saxon architecture, reported to have been built by Alfred, we examine ancient pictures and relics, a Bible in Saxon, a copy-book of Queen Elizabeth, and, after a walk of four hours, are obliged to decline seeing any thing more, our minds being actually satiated by the very richness and variety of the repast. One forenoon is not sufficient for Oxford. In the afternoon we have our choice between a ride to Blenheim, or a great Anti-Corn-law meeting at Oxford.

Messrs. Cobden and Bright, members of Parliament, and the organs and champions of the anti-corn-law league, have selected Oxford, a citadel of the exclusive party, as the theatre of their operations. On a requisition signed by a number of land-holders, the sheriff has called a meeting of the farmers and tenantry of the country, to consider the bearing of the corn-laws on their interests. A hall, of the size of a county court-house in Massachusetts, is the place of meeting. It is soon nearly full; the sheriff presides, and calls the meeting to order, and Mr. Cobden begins, but the audience becomes more and more dense, and the cry is, 'Adjourn to Gloucester Green, the hall will not hold us.' The speaker cannot proceed, and the sheriff, reluctantly, adjourns the meeting to the green. As we

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walk towards the spot, we observe men who bear large placards, warning the farmers to return home, and not to listen to those who will deceive them, and are told many of the large proprietors have forbidden their tenants to attend. We reach the ground, and observe a stage for the orators, of several ox-wagons placed close up to a high wall, and an open area in front for the audience, who assemble, to the number of several thousands.

As soon as order is restored, Mr. Cobden proceeds, in a cool and logical manner, enlivened by occasional flashes of wit and pleasantry, or some pointed question, to address the audience. He argues with great force, that the present corn-laws depress trade and manufactures, that they injure the farmers and tenants, and help no one but the landed interest, the few great proprietors who engross the land of Great Britain. That the rent is strained up to the highest point supposed to be warranted by the scale of duties. That the price fluctuates with the season from one extreme to the other, to the ruin of the tenant, as there is no regular supply from abroad, to equalize prices. That, when bread is cheap, business is active, and the country prospers; and the reverse when it is dear. That England must decline, unless she extend her manufactures, and she cannot do so without she will take foreign grain in exchange. Mr. C. goes directly to his argument, and does not declaim on matters and things in general, as orators sometimes do, and the audience respond, 'Yes, yes,' or 'Right, right,' and with frequent cheers. He is succeeded by Mr. Sparkall, from London, a bald gentleman, who undertakes to reply, but wanders from the subject, loses himself in a maze of quotations from a book in his hand, and soon retires, discomfited by the laughter of the audience. Lord Camoys, a landed proprietor, and Liberal, who has recently risen from comparative poverty to a large landed estate near Oxford, very manfully sustains Mr. Cobden in his views, but expresses a preference for a moderate fixed duty as rendered necessary by the debt of England, and proposes a resolution to that effect, to which the audience answer 'No, no,' with loud cries of 'No duty,' and the resolution is put, and lost.

At this stage of the discussion the members of Parliament for the county and city are called for, and there are frequent calls for Lord Norreys, one of these members. In a few moments a pert young gentleman, with his hair nicely arranged, and his neck-handkerchief very neatly adjusted, comes forward. His speech, which is quite commonplace, has, apparently, been well studied and committed. He observes, the country will be ruined if the corn-laws are repealed, and ascribes the general distress to over-production. The audience interrupt him by continued cries of 'No, no,' 'There is no over-production.' As the tumult subsides, my Lord turns upon his heel, and with cool indifference tells his constituents, 'That he will not speak unless they desire it, he came only because he was called for.' 'Hear him,' cries a jovial baker from the crowd. 'Langston will answer him, and you may depend upon it, there will be no over-production here.' This sally puts the audience in good-humor, and my Lord concludes. There was, however, another sally, which made much merriment. It seems, that Lord Norreys is particularly distinguished in Parliament, by crowing down unpopular speakers, and one of his constituents on the Green, exclaims, 'Come, Norreys, you 've spoke enough, why do n't yon crow?' A loud laugh follows. I infer from this scene, the degree of respect which Lord N., who owes his office to family influence, feels for his constituents; and how much they feel for him.

Mr. Langston annihilates Lord Norreys by his reply. Mr. Henley, another member, a county 'squire, like those described by Fielding, assails, but is easily answered by Mr. Cobden. Mr. Bright follows, and sustains the latter with much feeling and earnestness. The meeting closes with a resolution proposed by a Mr. Towle, in favor of free trade, which is carried by acclamation. The result of such a meeting in the strong-hold of the Tory party gives a presage of the future.

This meeting was extremely interesting, and it would have delighted me to have addressed it; to have pictured England as she might have been, and, if true to herself, possibly still may be. A perfect garden, the centre of arts, wealth, and civilization, her

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land not permanently depressed by the repeal of the corn-laws, but applied to new uses, cut up into small fields under the highest cultivation, into market and cottage gardens, yielding, under a skilful culture, twice the returns now rendered. Her people,* in a climate most favorable to the development of the human form, and the production of a noble race, busily employed in all the arts of life, using their boundless fields of coal and minerals in aid of the arts, and to minister to the necessities of distant lands, covering the sea with ships, bearing to her the produce, the materials, and the fabrics, to which those lands are best adapted, and which, alone, they can offer in exchange.

I would picture fourfold the population which now exists, living under equal laws, educated, contented and happy, drawing their bread, like Holland in her palmy days, from all the granaries of the earth, and bearing, with ease, the burdens which now press heavily on the lesser number. Forgetting her harshness towards us, I would regard her as the land of my fathers, and, doubtless, the home of my kindred, and fervently pray she may realize the possibility I have pictured. Yours, ever,

MASSACHUSETTS.

Oxford, September 13, 1843.

LETTER XXIII.

Oxfordshire — An English Paper Maker — Warwickshire — English Farming — Birmingham and Derby Rail-way — Derby — The Dissenters.

Rising at an early hour we take our cup of coffee at the Star Inn, Oxford, pay an unreasonable bill, and engage outside seats on the coach for Birmingham, sixty miles distant. The passengers are three inside and seven without. Their trunks are placed on the top of the coach. Upon the seat with us we find a commercial traveller and a paper-maker, Mr. T., whose mill is upon the Thames. As my friend, Mr. C., has several paper mills in Worcester county, the two manufacturers compare notes and enter into a discussion, from which I infer that New England is ahead of the mother country in mechanism, and makes paper quite as cheap but pays rather a higher price for the material; that the operative with us, is better fed and paid, accomplishes more in a day, and is more moral and intelligent. I learn, also, that such are the restraints and charges in England on the transfer of property, that our companion could make a profit by dividing his estates into lots, and selling them to the operatives at £20 each, but it is prevented by the cost, which would be £8 on each conveyance, and absorb the profit. Mr. C. observes he has divided his estate into similar lots, and sold them to operatives at a cost of but one shilling each for the conveyances. The English manufacturer, Mr. T., is a man of liberal notions, and much enthusiasm, ardent for reform, free trade, and a repeal of the corn-laws, and a warm friend to America. On learning I am a Bostonian, to my great surprise, he draws from his pocket a work of Dr. Channing. The commercial traveller is quite a different person; he is a stickler for the present state of things, and appears to have few ideas beyond Birmingham.

About seven miles beyond Oxford we see Blenheim, the celebrated seat of the Duke of Marlborough. We pass an inn, whose sign is the Marlborough Arms, and the lodge and almshouse at the park gate. At the latter, a fine buck in a hamper, is placed in the coach. It is directed to an eminent attorney at Birmingham, the adviser of the Duke. This little incident will not, I trust, be lost to clients in America. We catch a glimpse of the ducal residence, and regret we cannot stop to examine the fine paintings. We pass at a speed of nine miles per hour through a fine country; the agriculture is, however, by no means perfect. The land is cultivated in ridges, between which are wide balks, as they are termed here, or strips of land in grass. We are struck particularly with the ploughs, which are cumbrous and apparently inferior to our own. Each of these, we notice, is drawn by five horses tandem, with a ploughman and two drivers, one of them

* See note *A*, Appendix.

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mounted. With this force the plough slowly crosses in a field already ploughed, and as the horses turn, on reaching the boundary hedge, we observe two are able to draw it to the end of the furrow. One American with two horses, would, in our opinion, do twice the work in a day.

The laborers appear dull, and ill fed, and if, as we are told, they receive but one shilling a day, it is doubtful if they earn more. They lack the impulse of education, or of some incentive to elevate them from their depressed condition.

But while I notice the depression of the pauper laborers of England, let me not leave her shores without paying a tribute of respect to (one who is not responsible for this depression) that distinguished statesman and philosopher, Lord Brougham, who has done more for the diffusion of useful knowledge, the establishment of Lyceums, the advancement of science, the promotion of legal reforms and systematic education, than any one in Europe.

In England, if men become distinguished, the aristocracy opens its arms, and like a whirlpool draws them into its bosom from the humble circle in which they moved, and naturally defended. Unlike others, Lord Brougham has remained the undaunted advocate of the many; after acquiring rank, wealth, and power. His independence may have lost him the favor of politicians, but freemen can understand him, and posterity will do him justice.

We proceed across a rolling country, pass several parks and preserves, many turnpike gates, so unusual with us, and frequent villages. The latter consist of ranges of small brick houses and shops very rudely furnished; in the scale of comfort many degrees below our New England villages. The country, however, is superior in soil to any part of Massachusetts.

In the course of the morning we cross a bridge over a small stream, near a canal and rail-way and enter a bustling little town. This is Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of the immortal Shakspeare, whose genius illumines age after age, and is appreciated as much or more, on the Hudson, and perhaps the Missouri, than on the Avon itself. While the coach changes horses, we alight and repair, like pilgrims, to the house where he was born, and view it as a spot consecrated by genius. It was indeed but an humble residence. A small tenement of two low stories, a framework of wood, filled in with mortar, one latticed window above, and, in place of a window below, a swinging half door, drawn back during the day, and fastened to a staple in the ceiling. In such a rude and comfortless mansion, compared with which, some log cabins in our forests are palaces, was reared the great poet of England.

We reach Birmingham at two P. M., accomplishing the sixty miles in eight hours. In the course of our ride our friend, Mr. T., inquires if we did not find the Star at Oxford expensive and comfortless. He suggests that experienced travellers in England rarely select inns with 'stars' for signs, unless they are regardless of expense, or anxious to come in contact with the nobility. At his suggestion, and with a view to see more of the middle classes of England, we repair to a Commercial House, and are furnished with a plain, but excellent dinner, at one half the charge of mine host of the Star. The house is kept by a dissenter from the established church, and usually patronized by dissenters. We find on the mantle-piece a book, containing the address of similar houses in all the large towns of England, and are assured we shall find good entertainment at each of them. In such a distinct circle do the dissenters revolve. While here we read, in the London paper of this morning, a full report of the speeches made last evening at Oxford.

Parting with our honest and obliging host and intelligent travelling companion, we determine to inspect the northern rail-ways, and at the Birmingham and Derby station take seats for Derby, forty miles distant.

Our train is composed of a first and second class and two third class cars. We have but four first class, eight second class, and fifty third class passengers. The latter are seated in open cars, like those of Belgium, and among them are many well dressed persons, both male and female. We notice nothing worthy of interest at the station, except a fine

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brick repair shop, about 200 feet in length, by 50 in width, the design of which is excellent. The afternoon is pleasant, the country level, and highly cultivated: at Castle Bromwich, the rail-way intersects a road which formerly crossed a meadow on a level. In America and Belgium, the engineer would have carried the rail-way across at grade, but the Company, to humor the caprice of some rich landholder who opposed them in Parliament, have been obliged to conduct the road over the rail-way with a gradual ascent and descent on a costly brick viaduct of thirty-five arches, nearly a quarter of a mile in length. In this single viaduct we estimate there is more masonry than in the whole Fitchburg Rail-way, a line longer than the Birmingham and Derby. Thus is capital wasted in England.

We soon approach a station where my companions in the car alight; they are two portly and rosy-cheeked men, who would certainly, with us, take a premium for size, at any exhibition of stout gentlemen. They point out to me the spot where Sir Robert Peel resides. The town is Tamworth, and a ruined tower stands near it, doubtless the same which Scott assigns to Marmion, when his heralds hail him lord of 'Tamworth Tower and Town.' My associations with this spot were once poetical, but now I shall group together the mail-clad warrior, the astute statesman, and the stout gentlemen of England.

In two hours from Birmingham we reach Derby, and take rooms in a pleasant Commercial House, kept by Mr. Gawthorn, at St. Mary's Gate, and find a most kind and devoted host, and attentive hostess.

Mr. G. has been tried in the furnace of adversity; he tells us he once held as tenant an excellent farm, and by his industry and frugality was acquiring an independence, but he could not conform to the Church of England. One evening he held a religious meeting at his house; this reached the ears of the rector; the rector applies to the landlord, and tells him he is fostering a dissenter on his estate; a notice to quit is at once served. The poor man remonstrates, but in vain. Punctuality in paying rent, faithful performance of contracts, avail him not; he must change his religion or lose his estate. At length his good character procures for him the station of master of a Union almshouse, which prospers under his care. It becomes flourishing, but the committee in charge require him to read the Church of England Service. His conscience compels him to decline, and for his religion he again loses his station. He is now struggling to establish his Commercial House, and looks to dissenters for patronage, and to churchmen as his foes. You may well imagine that his feelings are embittered to the highest degree against churchmen, that he denounces in the warmest terms the unholy union of church and state. The Church of England may well totter to its foundations, if it sends forth many such men, inflamed and embittered by their real or supposed wrongs to inflame against her all who come within the sphere of their influence.

I happen to have with me a Boston almanac, which contains this year engravings of our sixty churches; and when I tell him, that they are all sustained without a tithe or any aid from the state, he begs me to leave it with him, as an irresistible proof that religion can flourish without coercion from government. In this respect, how much happier are we at home. Here we sit under the pastor, where we have the privilege to chose and regard him as an object of interest and affection; but, in England, the parish have no voice in the selection, and are compelled to maintain the incumbent whom some great proprietor or some distant prelate finds it most convenient to name. The church, in fact, is regarded rather as an appendage to the aristocracy, as a convenient place, like the army and navy, where power and patronage may dispose of the younger branches of great houses without much regard to their tastes or qualifications to improve their people. What is the result? does not the clergyman too often regard his station merely as an office which is to yield him so many pounds a year; and must not his people too often regard him as a costly burden, which they cannot discard? Thank heaven, the Episcopal church in which I worship at home has no connexion with the state.

Yours ever, MASSACHUSETTS.

Derby, September 14, 1843.

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LETTER XXIV.

Derby — The Arboretem — The Derby Station — Wages of Mechanics — Intelligence and Courtesy of Engineers — North Midland and York and North Midland Rail-ways.

After a refreshing night's repose we breakfast early, and leave our lodgings at Derby on an excursion through the town. Derby is substantially built of brick and stone, contains many good streets, shops, and houses, and exhibits many indications of wealth. The females have good figures, and there is something in the appearance of the people, in the color of the bricks, and the style of building, which reminds me of Boston. I notice several stone churches in excellent taste, and admirably placed in positions, where the architectural effect is not injured by adjacent buildings. It is market day, and the streets are thronged. We visit the Arboretem, an inclosure containing many acres, laid out as a landscape garden or shrubbery, and dedicated to the public by an eminent and successful silk manufacturer. The grounds have been thrown into artificial banks and lawns, and planted with many varieties of trees and flowers, and are a beautiful and favorite promenade; and the munificent donor, still in a green old age, is rewarded by the gratitude of his townsmen. A few days before our arrival the citizens celebrated his birthday. How much happier must he be in thus diffusing happiness, and promoting innocent recreation, than in accumulating wealth for heirs to circulate in a round of folly and frivolity.

We essay to enter a silk manufactory. The porter courteously refers us to the principal, and we inform him, that we are strangers who have come there to examine the rail-ways, and having never seen a silk factory are curious to see one. This with us would be a passport to a New England establishment, but the ungracious answer we receive is, that our reasons are insufficient and we cannot be admitted. As we leave we cannot forbear to say, that we are from America, and if the proprietor should happen to come there, we will show him more courtesy than we have received in Derby.

We proceed to the principal object of attraction, the great Rail-way Station, reputed to be the largest and most perfect in England. We are here very courteously received by Mr. Clark, of the Midland Counties Rail-way, who, on learning that we are directors of American lines, shows us every attention. We walk with him through the passenger depot, used by the three lines which unite here, the Midland Counties, North Midland, and Birmingham and Derby. This structure is of brick, is 1050 feet long, and in the centre 150 feet wide. A stone platform, about 30 feet wide, runs through the whole extent, between which and the street are offices for ticket-clerks, and baggage. Inside the platform are eight parallel lines of tracks, under cover. We examine the carriages, which are similar to those we have seen. A first class carriage costs here £380, a second class £140.

We proceed to the engine-house, a rectangular building of brick, 200 feet by 50, with three tracks running through it, and arched doors at either end. Beyond it are three similar buildings for repairs. In one is a powerful steam-engine, and turning lathes; in another a foundry; in a third 12 fires for blacksmiths, whose bellows are blown by the steam-engine. The provision for repairs is even more extensive than is necessary. We observe one provision for the line which we cannot too much commend. We notice in one building no less than eleven engines in perfect order, ready, in addition to those in daily use, as a reserved power for any emergency; this is true economy. Mr. Clark introduces us to Mr. Kirtley, the Engineer of the North Midland Rail-way, who very kindly escorts us through his premises, and shows us several extensive buildings for engines and repairs. His machine-shop is admirably lighted by doors and windows, which open to the ground. Mr. K. points out to us a circular engine-house, with a turn-table in the centre, like the new engine-house in Lowell, sufficiently large to receive sixteen engines.

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It is a fine building, but Mr. K. expresses a decided preference for that of the Midland Counties, as the most convenient and economical. He gives us the wages of the mechanics, which vary from 20 to 27 shillings per week, averaging not far from a dollar per day. He informs us, that the most valuable recent improvements he has noticed are Bank's patent steel tire, and Dodd's patent eccentrics, which he regards as very important and successful. From our conversation with Mr. K. we infer that he is a judicious, cautious, and frugal man, introducing important reforms where there has been much extravagance.

The land occupied by this Station is thirty acres, and, with the buildings of the three Companies, has cost £270,000. None of the three lines, however, are successful, and I am much inclined to ascribe the deficiency to their fares, which are extravagantly high, namely, from three to seven cents per mile.*

The arrangements for the freight business, too, are very defective, the buildings inconvenient, the cars small, and carried in by turn-tables and tracks at right angles from the main line, and the goods are generally elevated by cranes from the floor to the car. In truth, the arrangements for our freighting business on the line from Boston to Albany, far surpass any thing to be seen in Europe. Long trains of freight-cars, each thirty feet long, a perfect storehouse on wheels, holding fourteen tons of merchandise, running into depots four hundred and fifty feet long, and one hundred and twenty feet wide, with no pillars, and with platforms on a level with the floors of the cars, so that the freight may be rolled in and out, would surprise the English engineer. Still more would he be surprised on viewing the depot at Albany, of similar length, with its roof overhanging the canal, and a steam-engine loading and discharging, both in storm and sunshine, six or seven canal boats at once, with perfect facility, the packages of goods descending as the flour rises.

After a pleasant morning we dine and separate; my companion, Mr. C., returns to Birmingham, to fulfil an engagement with a friend to whom we have letters, while I take the afternoon train, of the North Midland, for York. Our train has no third class carriages, and the passengers are few in number. We traverse a most picturesque country, passing near the edge of the old forest of Sherwood, noted for the feats of Robin Hood and his archers. We notice brooks, fertile slopes, wooded hills, and rolling uplands, pretty villages, old castles, and churches. The stations are of stone, highly finished and tasteful, and the scene, for many miles, the most beautiful I have seen in England. My companinons are polished and gentlemanly men, who kindly answer my inquiries. Our speed when moving exceeds what is usual in America, for the diameter of the wheels is greater than with us, but the stops are not well managed. At least two or three doors on the side of each carriage must be opened from the outside, for which we have no occasion on our lines, and the result is, that few rail-ways exceed our ordinary average of twenty miles per hour. As we stop at a small station a party of young men, fresh from the races at Doncaster, and a little elevated with their potations, join the train, and prove any thing but agreeable companions; they amuse themselves with cracking filberts, and discussing the merits of the winning and losing horses, in a most rude and boisterous manner. Were I actuated by the spirit of some tourists in our country, I might cite them as specimens of English manners, but I forbear; and truth bids me add, that there is through England a large class of gentlemen, dissevered more distinctly than with us from the less educated classes, whose manners have an ease, elegance, and polish that may be copied with advantage. I will not concede, however, that they surpass my countrymen in what are more valuable, intelligence, sagacity, warmth of feeling, and kindness of heart. Perhaps each have virtues and qualifications that might well be blended.

I reach York by eight P. M., half an hour behind time, and remain,

Yours, truly, MASSACHUSETTS.

York, September 15, 1843.

* See note *B*, in the Appendix.

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LETTER XXV.

York Minster — Castle and Clifford's Tower — A decaying City — Country Seats — A Man of Genius — North Midland Rail-way.

On my arrival at York, after securing pleasant rooms, I take a stroll through the city; the sky is clear, and the moon shines brightly, and, remembering the beautiful lines of Scott,

'If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,'

I direct my steps towards the Minster. This ancient structure is one of the most imposing monuments of the old religion of England, and the effect of the moon-beams on its venerable grey towers is most pleasing. It stands almost entirely insulated, is nearly five hundred feet in length, and two hundred in width. Around the principal part of it is a grass plat, encircled by a street, except for a short distance in the rear, where stands a palace attached to the See of York. The houses near it are ancient, and of moderate height, and such is the arrangement of the streets, that a view is commanded from distant points. I have seen no religious edifice during my tour whose exterior is more pleasing or impressive.

The brilliant days of this city are past. Once a distinguished colony of Rome, it holds the ashes of a Roman Emperor; subsequently the seat of religious magnificence, it prided itself not only on its Minster, but on seventy-five churches, (two thirds of which have crumbled away,) and was the resort of countless monks, pilgrims, and devotees. More recently it has been the capital of the North; and many of the northern gentry, who would not encounter the fatigue and expense of a long journey to London, resorted here for the winter; but the innovation of rail-ways now bears them away to the metropolis, and

'Decay's effacing fingers,
Will sweep the lines where beauty lingers,'

unless some new attraction be discovered. Here is, in truth, the 'aspect of decay;' with the exception of a Club House, Theatre, and a street built during the last era to which I have alluded, and now almost desolate, all is ancient; the style of the architecture, the projecting windows, the tiled roofs, the city walls are all of another day. It is in truth a perfect contrast to every thing I have seen in the new world.

I walk out of the city to the castle, a magnificent stone edifice, constructed at a cost of £200,000, containing a palace, court house, and prisons. Within the walls are the ruins of Clifford's Tower, once a moated castle, commanding the city. From the summit I enjoy a delightful view of the Minster, the city with its stone bridge across the Ouse, a fleet of colliers, and a little steamer, running through meadows down to Hull. The interior of the cathedral is under repair, but I obtain admission by a small *douceur* to the workmen. It does not, however, surpass the interior of cathedrals I have seen on the Continent.

After a survey of the city, as my time does not permit me to visit Scotland, I shape my course towards Liverpool, and am again in motion on the York and North Midland Rail-way. The landscape is very pleasing; the fields are usually in squares of eight or ten acres surrounded by hedges, in which grow solitary trees. In the distance are seen on the eminences clumps of trees, stone churches, and gentlemen's seats. Large halls occasionally appear, which look as though they might some day or other make admirable colleges. We notice large flights of rooks and plover, cross many streams, canals, and beautiful roads, the last of which are superior to our own, but are far less numerous than is usual in America to accommodate the same extent of country. Alighting at Masborough, I inquire my way to the house of Mr. D., in the adjacent town of Rotherham; he is an eminent engineer, and receives me with the greatest kindness. His fine stone house overlooks a beautiful country, a pretty station, a tasteful hotel, and two lines of rail-way, one of which diverges to Sheffield. He shows me drawings of his eccentrics, and valves, which he

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states save one third the fuel, and repairs of engines, and are most simple in their design and construction, and which I purpose to introduce in America. This gentleman appears to be a man of genius and benevolence; he shows me a solid chilled wheel, and a switch that does not admit of accidents — both of which he has patented — a press for straightening rails, and an improved description of soap. He is also engaged in reclaiming five thousand acres of moss, by covering it seven inches deep with sand, which he introduces by rail-way. Mr. D. is of opinion, that a rail of fifty-six pounds to the yard will wear well with a weight of eight tons on the driving wheels, and remarks that a much greater weight is not unusual in England.

In the course of conversation, he speaks in the highest terms of our minister, Mr. Everett, who seems to win golden opinions from all classes in England; and I should not omit to mention, that, in the course of my travels, I have heard two others of our countrymen, Powars, the sculptor at Florence, and Mr. Marston, our consul at Sicily, spoken of in the highest terms of commendation.

Taking the train for Leeds, I proceed in part by the route I have already traversed, and observe nothing of moment, except that the ticket clerk at Woodlesford, five miles out of Leeds, is a negro, who appears quite *au fait* to the duties of his office.

Between Masborough and Leeds, I take a seat in the open cars, in which I find many respectable people deterred, by the unreasonable charges, from taking the higher priced cars. Our train consists of about fifteen first, thirty second, and ninety third class passengers. Among the latter are few of the lower orders, for in this section of England, the charges are so high, that they are debarred from the rail-ways. The station at Leeds is in the usual English style, a brick building with sky-lights, and about two hundred by one hundred and forty feet, with two platforms, and tracks between them, and a range of offices between the platforms and the street.

I remain, yours, ever,

MASSACHUSETTS.

Leeds, September 16, 1843.

LETTER XXVI.

Leeds — Discussion as to America — Manchester and Leeds Rail-ways — Valley of the Calder — Steam-power of England — Manchester.

On my arrival at Leeds, I take lodgings at a Commercial House, in the Briggate, where I find a most kind and hospitable host and hostess, and good entertainment.

I view the town, but find nothing interesting in Leeds. It has the appearance of an overgrown village, the principal street of which is disfigured by unsightly booths and cobblers' stalls between the sidewalk and the pavement, and there is nothing I can discover in the shape of churches, schools, private structures, or antiquities to attract a stranger. There seems to be less polish too in the manners of the people than is usual in England. This is very apparent in various shops, which I enter to make some small purchases.

On my return to the Commercial House, one of the guests, on discovering that I am a stranger and an American, attacks the United States, and very harshly charges my countrymen with the sins of slavery, repudiation, and fraud. I, of course, warm in defence of my country, and the discussion becomes animated. I will not repeat his arguments, for they are familiar to all who read the Tory papers of England, which, from policy, show us and our institutions no mercy. I urge, that the North and Centre of the Union are States distinct from the South, more innocent of slavery than England herself, because they abolished servitude, and suppressed the slave-trade long before England would listen to the eloquence of Wilberforce; that when England assailed us on this painful subject, she should remember that *she, herself*, planted slavery in our Southern States, to extend her commerce and enrich her merchants; that a portion of her overflowing wealth was drawn from the slave-trade, which gave the first impulse to her great seaport, Liverpool; that the progress of liberal ideas, towards which America had contributed her share, had carried home the conviction to England, that the slave should be free, but the question was

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how should he be freed, who should contribute. The Southern States, like the British West Indies, had paid in great part to England, the price of the slave, or of the stock from which he sprung, and now that the consideration has failed, now that her title is pronounced defective by the verdict of enlightened humanity, if there is not, as in trade, a legal, is there no moral obligation to refund the price, to aid in removing the fetters she had imposed? And no matter what England had done in the West Indies, and I would concede, she there acted justly, and even liberally, could she point her finger at the South until she had performed her duty?

With respect to repudiation. A denial of *bonâ fide* debts would never be countenanced in America. Liabilities had been incurred under delusive promises. The tide of misfortune following the great fire of New York, sweeping over the country, and bearing down for the moment, the younger and more adventurous States, amid the wreck of companies and banks, was fast subsiding. The stocks of the Union, New York, and Massachusetts, were already above par, and others on the advance, and the disposition to pay, was keeping pace with the increasing ability.*

With respect to commercial honor, it was not for Leeds to complain; her manufacturers had filled our markets with cloths, under false invoices, taken oaths our merchants would not take, and, when discovered, absconded, as would appear by the records of our courts; and no honest man would sympathize in losses incurred in a course of dishonesty, which was breaking down the fair dealer and manufacturer.

On this, as on other occasions, when thus assailed, I trust I was serving the cause of humanity, when I asked, 'Has not America any just ground to complain of England? Does she not annually pour into our bosom her surplus population? That emigrants are penniless we do not regard, for we have broad acres in our forests, and they have brawny arms to till them; but are they not devoid of education? have they not grown up in ignorance, and often debasement? and do they not come to us, too often, with the idea that wealth and intelligence are allied to depress them, and to exile them from their homes, and disposed to enlist against both, on their arrival? Are they qualified to appreciate or administer the government of which they virtually become members; and, should our institutions deteriorate under their influence, could England feel that she had done her duty, either to us, or to herself, in neglecting the education of her children?'

An Englishman present, tells me his son is a clergyman in America, and takes part with me in the discussion.

Leaving Leeds, I take the train of the Manchester and Leeds rail-way for Manchester. The day is fine, and our train consists of two first class cars, three second class and one third class, in the last of which, passengers are taken at two cents per mile. Our passengers are six first class, eight second class, including myself, and about fifty third class, who stand up in a single pen on wheels, or rather are crowded in, like so many barrels of flour or cases of goods; in fact, not treated with the respect and consideration with which we treat merchandise, for we shelter it from the weather as a matter of policy. The rail-way winds among the hills and has much curvature. The car in which I sit, has no cushions or windows, and swings so much as often to throw my umbrella and myself to the edge of the seat. One of my fellow-travellers, who, like myself, occupies a seat for four, while so many are standing, asks me if the rail-ways of England are not superior to those of America. I cannot refrain from telling him, that England is behind France, Belgium, and America, in all that relates to the comfort of the travelling public; that although the lines of New England have higher gradients, less costly stations, often single tracks, and a more difficult country, yet in speed they are equal, and in carriages far superior to the English; that our carriages are larger, are inclosed, have glass windows, conform to the curves, are lofty and well ventilated, and warmed by fires in winter, and move so easily, that in some of them letters have been written; that our policy is not to punish travellers for their poverty, or keep females for hours standing, exposed to the weather, but to give them comfortable accommodations; that, whatever

* See note *C*, Appendix.

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may be our other failings, we treat the poor with decency and respect.

Our route is through a populous region highly cultivated; the rail-way a series of cuts, embankments, and tunnels. We follow the valley of the Calder through a succession of manufacturing towns. The valley gradually contracts, the sides become more and more precipitous, and exhibit occasional patches of wood, grass, flax, and pasturage; the river, canal, and rail-way, are often parallel to each other, with ranges of houses between them. The spurs of the hills are pierced by tunnels; at length we enter the Summit Tunnel, nearly two miles long, and, crossing the backbone of England, emerge upon a striking scene. For ten miles hence, to Manchester, the whole face of the country is studded with stone factories, with tall chimneys, rising often like towers or ornamental pillars, and surrounded by clusters of dwellings, between which green fields occasionally intervene, all alive with population. Here is the secret of England's power and greatness; here are the sinews of her strength. This vast fixed capital, this degraded, illiterate, and depraved population sustain her armies and her navies, and bear her flag in triumph through the world. How little does she do for those to whom she owes so much!

I reach Manchester, and take rooms at the Commercial House of Mrs. S., fronting on Piccadilly. Yours, ever,

MASSACHUSETTS.

Leeds, September 18, 1843.

LETTER XXVII.

Manchester — Dr. Channing — The Wesleyans — Religious Services — Dissolute Population — Causes of Degradation — Vast Capital — Improvements — Rail-way Station — The Parent Rail-way.

The house at which I lodge in Manchester, is very unpretending in front, but the apartments are pleasant, and a large drawing-room in the rear opens by three long windows on a grass plot, ornamented with shrubs and flowers. It is Sunday, and I find a seat reserved for me at the dinner table, between a lady and a very intelligent manufacturer from Yorkshire. The guests are discussing, with much animation, the merits of different clergymen, and I infer, from their remarks, that some are Presbyterians, some Wesleyans, and my neighbor from Yorkshire, an Unitarian. All are estranged from the Church of England. It seems to be generally considered that the Rev. Mr. Newton, a Wesleyan, is the most eloquent divine of the place. At first, I am taken for an Englishman, but on making some allusion to my country, I am regarded with much interest, and my Unitarian neighbor inquires if I have ever seen Dr. Channing. And when I reply that I have, he draws from his pocket a work on 'the elevation of the working classes,' by our distinguished countryman, and expresses his admiration of the author. Thus do the works of genius survive their authors, and exert their influence abroad.

In the evening I accompany two of the guests to a plain, but large meeting-house, and hear an excellent sermon by Mr. Newton, addressed to an overflowing audience. The house resembles many in our inland towns, with the exception that the galleries are much larger.

As we return, we notice many rude and dissolute women in the street, and my companions inform me, that a large proportion of the females of Manchester are degraded in their morals and habits. Congregated as they are in early life, in the mills, without any education, and with little or no prospect of a reputable connexion, associated with illiterate, and often intemperate men, without hope of bettering their condition, this state of things is not surprising. But are not those who control the government of Great Britain answerable for this moral evil? Our own Lowell, where ten thousand operatives are assembled in one small town, and good morals prevail, is proof positive, that this evil is not inseparable from the manufacturing system; neither can it spring from the rate of wages alone, for they are but little below the two dollars and seventy-five cents, or eleven shillings a week, which we pay to the girls who spin and weave in our factories at home; and they accumulate, annually, a large

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amount. The evil lies further back; it is the gross neglect of childhood. As respects education, England is falling in the rear of the civilized world. As a nation she does not appropriate as much as Boston alone to instruction, for the latter annually expends one hundred and fifty thousand dollars on her schools. Great Britain, with two thirds of her subjects seceders from the ancient church, will not impart to them the rudiments of learning without steeping them in doctrines from which they are estranged. Let her look at Lowell, in the bosom of Massachusetts, in a State settled by the Puritans, and see how the descendants of those Puritans treat their brother Christians. She will find there, a small body of Catholics, encircled by Protestants, and those Protestants, out of respect for the opinions of a minority, selecting a due proportion of Catholic teachers; and she will see there, schools thronged by pupils growing up in intelligence and virtue.*

If the nobles, gentry, and bishops are parties to this denial of light, to this assertion of the control of the few over the consciences of the many, let them look for the judgment of an enlightened world. If they dread revolutions, let them beware of ignorance and brute force, with nothing to lose, and everything to gain; inflamed for the struggle, which may, ere long, overthrow all existing institutions.

My companions inquire, with much interest, about the prospects of emigrants in America; they remark that trade has made no returns for the last two years, and that they look to America as an opening for their children. I give them a route to Iowa, on the upper Mississippi, where they will find rich prairies, a virgin soil, a growing population, and a climate congenial to Englishmen.

I sleep at Manchester; and after devoting, as usual, an hour before breakfast to my pen, I engage a cab, at the fixed and moderate price of half a crown per hour, to convey me about the town. Here is embarked a vast capital in manufactures. Here science and capital combined, compete successfully with the pauperised labor of China and India, sustained on rice, in climates which require little fire or clothing.

* See note *D*, Appendix.

The institutions of England favor the accumulation of capital, and in this consists her power to subsidise or subdue. The accumulated wealth builds her navies, her canals, and rail-ways; constructs ships, steamers, and cities; reclaims wastes and morasses. I am no advocate for entails or the preference of the eldest son, but yet would ask, is not accumulation viewed in America with too much jealousy, and is not our power to improve curtailed by this jealousy, which, in its solicitude for the masses, discountenances trusts for the preservation of wealth, and prefers the waste of the prodigal heir to the concentration of riches. And is not the present preëminence of Boston, its power to expand, to build ships, factories, and rail-ways far beyond its own borders, in districts naturally richer, but comparatively poor, to be ascribed, in part, to its system of trusts and accumulation?

I ride to the manufactory of Mr. Thomas Banks, No. 57, Bengal street, and examine his improved tire for locomotives. His plan is, to cut a groove two inches and a quarter wide at the surface, a little wider at the base, and half an inch deep around the rim of the wheel, and insert in the groove a band, composed of several bars of steel, the upper side of which is convex, and the lower concave. These bars are introduced at a white heat, and hammered until they fit the groove. Wheels thus fitted, have run a hundred thousand miles without any sensible deterioration.

Mr. B. rides with me to the station of the Manchester and Leeds Rail-way, where, in the absence of Captain Laws, he introduces me to the superintendent of the motive power, who speaks in the highest terms of his invention.

The passenger station here, is from two to three hundred feet long, with two tracks, and a platform on either side for the passengers. The rail-way enters Manchester on arches, and the yard and warehouses for the freight, are, at least, twenty feet below the level of the rail, and occupy several acres. The cars are loaded in small buildings, or in the open air, pushed to a platform, and then elevated by steam, to the track, and the inward freight-cars lowered in the same manner to the level

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below. The arches are converted into store-rooms. One contains iron of all sizes, purchased by the quantity; another lanterns, lamps, oil-feeders, and similar articles; a third, a foundry for brass castings. Over all these a clerk presides, who charges each article as delivered.

We examine the extension rail-way, a very costly work, in progress, to carry the Manchester and Leeds line across the city, on arches and pillars, to connect with the Liverpool and Manchester. This will, doubtless, be very conducive to the interests of both.

In the course of the morning, my friend, Mr. C., rejoins me, and we take the train for Liverpool. The train does not leave until eight minutes after the appointed hour; it consists of one first and four second class cars, the latter unglazed. The passengers are, twelve first class, and forty-eight second class. The fare six shillings, and four shillings and sixpence for thirty miles, and there is no provision for the third class. The latter, who are quite numerous, either go afoot, or by canal, and we are told it is not uncommon to see two hundred in a single boat. Thus are the masses denied the privilege of travelling by rail-way, in the hope of extracting from the few, what would be cheerfully paid by the many. But this error will, ere long, be corrected; the public attention is now drawn to the fact, and public meetings have been held. Great success has attended all liberal measures on the English lines, and the proprietors are gradually conforming to the lessons of experience and the dictates of public opinion.

As we leave Manchester, we notice, for many miles, the towering chimneys of the manufacturing district taller than the spires of our churches, to obviate the nuisance of smoke. The route is in excellent order, the slopes generally sodded, and often planted with shrubs; young hedges are springing up along the line, which will soon combine beauty with utility.

We pass Chat Moss, an extensive waste, a portion of which is reclaimed and productive. A few miles beyond it we enter a deep cut through sand and clay, where the material continues to slide down, and might be easily and cheaply conveyed by the cars and motive power of the line to reclaim the morass.

We enter Liverpool, and call on our friends, Messrs. Baring, Brothers, and Co., and take rooms with our former kind hostess, Mrs. B., No. 10, Colquitt street, and I remain,

Yours ever,

MASSACHUSETTS.

Liverpool, England, September 18, 1843.

LETTER XXVIII.

Works of Bury & Co. — Wages of Operatives — Engines, Steam Ships — Town Hall — Scotch Population — Influence of America — Tariffs — Farewell to England.

Our companions at breakfast in Liverpool are New York and Boston gentlemen, either recently arrived, or about to return to America. After a pleasant conversation on the improving prospects of our country, we engage a carriage, and drive to the extensive works of Bury & Co., in the outskirts of Liverpool. In the absence of Mr. Bury, his partner conducts us through the establishment. The firm employ from three hundred to nine hundred operatives, a number varying with the press of business. The wages paid, are from twenty-six to thirty shillings per week, and the men labor but ten hours per day. The average rate of compensation is not far from eleven cents per hour for skilled labor, which is above the price paid in the interior of New England.

Materials, however, are rather cheaper than with us. Castings, costing but five pounds and a half to seven pounds per ton, or one and one fourth to one and five eights cents per pound, while they cost two cents per pound in New England.

We notice a large locomotive nearly finished, with coupled wheels, one hundred brass tubes, ten feet by two thirds of an inch, cylinders, fourteen inches, and weighing thirty thousand pounds, the price of which is twelve hundred and twenty pounds, being ten per cent. less than the price in America, of similar machines.

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We notice, also, a direct action marine engine, the charge for which is thirty-six pounds per horse-power. An engine of this pattern, with boilers complete, and equal to four hundred and fifty horse-power, occupies a section of a ship of forty-three feet in length.

The establishment appears well conducted, and is now in full activity. We drive hence to the Town Hall, a substantial structure of freestone, with a splendid suite of rooms for the officers of the town, and the reception of strangers, and we look into the beautiful and extensive halls, appropriated for reading-rooms and underwriting, in one of which we notice a clock-dial, showing the course and changes of the winds.

The Exchange is a hollow square, with a piazza around three sides of it, and resembles the Exchange of Antwerp.

In company with a Scotch merchant, to whom I have letters, I visit the steamer Admiral, a vessel of 1000 tons, running as a regular packet between Liverpool and Glasgow.

This fine vessel is nearly two hundred feet long, makes up one hundred berths, and accommodates one hundred steerage passengers, besides carrying four hundred tons of measurement goods. Her engine is of three hundred horse-power, her model and speed excellent, her cabin and state-rooms admirably arranged and decorated.

This steamer, like many others in the merchant service, is competent to cross the Atlantic, and able to contend with the severest storms of the ocean. In this particular, we have much to learn of the English.* Every month adds to the steam marine of England. Lines of steamers are running to the Baltic, Hamburgh, Belgium, France, Spain, the Mediterranean, between the Red Sea and India, to the United States and the West Indies, all of which, in time of war, would be ready to pounce upon our commerce whitening every sea, and to which our navy would prove a most inadequate protection. Why is not our government more on the alert? The inventors of steam-boats, and excelling all other nations in our river-steamers, we have the genius, the material, the men, and the resources, to provide a steam marine that shall command the respect of the world. And is a nation safe, that is not prepared for the contingencies of the future? In our strength lies the surest guaranty of peace. The hawk preys upon the dove, but not upon the eagle; and the most perplexing question that can now be asked an American in Europe, is, how would we defend our commerce from those winged messengers of England. Let our government expend two millions a year, for a few years to come, on a steam marine, and establish, like England, lines of packets to transport the mails, and in three years we may have a line of steamers from Boston to Havre, from New York to the Mediterranean, and thus by Suez to India, another from the Chesapeake to Saint Thomas and Pernambuco; another from Charleston to the Havannah, and others from New Orleans to Vera Cruz, and Chagres, and eventually from the Columbia to the Sandwich Islands and China.

Connect with this programme a postage of half a dime for all distances less than five hundred miles, and a dime for greater distances, and we shall, at once, accomplish three most important national objects. The expansion of commerce, protection from foreign foes, and facility of intercourse.*

Were the policy of England pacific and friendly towards America, we might, perhaps, defer a little longer the creation of a steam marine, and apply our revenue, as it increases, to other objects; but it is very obvious, the predominant party in England is jealous of America. They have not forgotten or forgiven our successful revolt and rapid progress; our triumphs at sea and at New Orleans; they view with a jaundiced eye our rivalry in shipping and manufactories, and indulge in frequent outbreaks at the wonderful growth of our whale fisheries, while the British are decaying.

The constant aim of their legislation seems to be, to give an indirect advantage to British shipping, and to restrain our own: and there is reason to fear, the apprehension of losing the American market did more than a sincere love of peace, to prevent a rupture during our border difficulties.

Could a sudden blow have been struck at

* See note *E*, Appendix.

* See note *F*, Appendix.

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our shipping and seaports, without endangering the manufactories of England, would it have been withheld?

But it may be asked, from what do I infer this danger? I infer it from the tone of conversation, from the hostile tone of the press, and various incidents of my travels, one of which I will cite.

An intelligent gentleman asks me at dinner, if I imagine, for a moment, that England will relinquish to us the Columbia river; and argues, that we have no title or reasonable pretensions to it. In reply, I press the strength of our claim on the ground of prior discovery, occupation, and cession; that we regard it, and are settling it, as an integral part of our territory. But the only argument to which he will defer, is this. Suppose, I ask, that if England has power to repress our hardy backwoodsmen on the remote Pacific, and hem us in by the Rocky Mountains! What would be the result? If we could not expand, should we not be driven to manufacture, and thus to a most dangerous rivalry with England, and is not her true policy to invite us into the wilderness? An appeal to the reason of England is, I regret to say, less effectual than an appeal to her interests or her fears.

Until a change occurs in her tone and policy, our motto should be, 'Let us be prepared for the worst.'

Liverpool, in its rapid growth has, like our American cities, drawn in a large population from distant parts. It contains, at least, twenty thousand Scotchmen, and nearly as many Irish. But mark the difference; Scotland has provided schools for her children, and preserved them; unfortunate Ireland is denied the privilege. The result has become a proverb, 'Sawney works with his head, while Pat works with his hands.' The Scotchmen of Liverpool, are nearly all well-established and prosperous, while the poor sons of Ireland toil in the docks, or bear the hod for a miserable subsistence.

As we return to our lodgings to dine, we pass a large bay-window, within which are chairs, exhibited for sale. Among them we notice a painted rocking-chair, which looks like an old acquaintance. On entering, my friend, Mr. C., designates, by its shape, the town in Massachusetts in which it is made. The cost, in Worcester county, of such a chair, is less than two dollars; the price here is two guineas. On inquiry, we find a great market might be opened here for the million of chairs, and thousands of tons of wooden-ware, which Massachusetts annually produces; they would sell as fast as the wooden clocks of Connecticut, and pay an ample profit. But while England clamors at our revenue duties on her worsteds, cottons,* linen, cutlery, and cloths, she very modestly imposes a prohibitory duty of not far from one hundred per cent, on the coarser fabrics, with which, by the aid of our forests, waterfalls, and ingenuity, we could greatly promote the comfort of her poorer classes. She proclaims aloud her liberality in admitting our cheese, pork, and hams, at a duty of fifty to one hundred per cent. upon the prime cost on the Ohio, and in admitting our flour by the circuitous route of Canada, at a moderate duty; but does she meet us manfully? If tariffs are to be modified, and treaties made, let us have reciprocity and equality of privileges.*

Is she, with all her capital; and claiming, as she does, to be the queen of the seas, fearful to meet us in competition on the deep? She claims to have all the flour from our Western States run down the rocky, icy, and stormy waters of the Saint Lawrence, to be water-borne in British bottoms, at an enhanced price to England. Is this reciprocity or fair dealing? And can she suppose we do not see through such artifices, and thin disguise? And is she not aware, that this tortuous policy is defeating itself, since the enhanced price prevents the consumption in England?

But, thank heaven, this policy is of less consequence than it has been; we are rapidly building up a home market, and manufactories at home.

Let us glance for a moment at the course of England towards America. A few years since, we had a boundless credit on the London Stock Exchange. American bills, and American stocks, were as current as gold; goods were pressed in exchange for stocks and credit in vast quantities into America; mushroom banks and mushroom houses were

* See note *G*, Appendix.

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forced by British capital and credit to a hot-bed growth, and States newly created, whose capital was in forests, log-cabins, and backwoodsmen, were tempted by the facility of credit to embark in works of improvement beyond the present wants of the community.

Amid the fever thus created and fanned by the great bank of Pennsylvania, and indiscreet rulers at home, a great fire suddenly annihilates thirty million dollars in New York; the specie is drawn from the country; a panic follows, and the wise men of London, of a sudden, decide that nothing American shall be current. The *fiat* is obeyed. In a twinkling, a credit of one hundred million dollars more is extinguished; merchants are required to send specie, who have none to send; States, who require but one link more to get some return for their outlay, are utterly discredited, property rendered valueless, and, in the crash that follows, amid the wreck of banks, merchants, and States, all who falter, however honest may be their views, are branded with the names of cheats, swindlers, and knaves.

In this state of things, the American tariff continues annually to fall by a descending scale; the British merchant, to sustain his home market, sends to New York all that is unsaleable in England, draws away the little specie that is left, and breaks down the home manufacturer.

What is the result? The country is disheartened, and, for a moment discredited. A sudden fever seizes the patient in the flush of his manhood, but his constitution is not destroyed.

The sagacious physician, prescribes frugality, temperance, caution, industry, self-reliance, and the homespun dress. Cash duties are adopted, which, while they create a revenue, check the excess from abroad, and wages and salaries are reduced. The spindle, loom, hammer, saw, and plough are set in motion. The flour England will not take is consumed at home. The patient revives. The exports of the country increase. Gold, and silver return. Interest, in the great cities, falls from eighteen to three per cent. The credit of the States, and the Union, rapidly revive, and the United States stock, which was refused in England, at par, is going thither, at sixteen per cent premium.

Domestic produce rises, new factories are commenced on a firmer basis than the old, and new articles are manufactured.

The country becomes equal to any emergency, and its honor will ere long be retrieved; and long may it be, ere it again places it in the power of another nation.*

But let us glance at the other side of the water, and see what England has gained by her vacillating policy, encouraging her best customer to day, and then throwing him off, with dishonor, to-morrow. Mark the result. With the loss of American trade, came an excess of goods, a fall of prices, a terrible deficieney in the revenue. Dividends are lost, profits destroyed, operatives discharged and left to starve; while the flour America offers for her debt is refused, furnaces are blown out, rival manufacturers created, branches of trade annihilated, property depressed in value, the Bank of England calls on Paris and Hamburgh for money, and heavy income taxes are imposed, which barely save the country from bankruptcy. It is easy to trace a large proportion of this to the loss of American trade. A little more moderation at first, and a little more forbearance and liberal policy afterwards; for instance, the opening of the corn trade, would have greatly mitigated if not prevented the evil.

For the future, England must not expect to supplant the coarse manufactures of America; she must content herself with selling the porcelain, stone-ware, worsteds, plaids, linens, silks, and fancy goods, we do not make and consume most when most prosperous, and such overplus of others, as the rising price in America may admit; and be cautious that her denial of admission to our bread stuffs does not deprive her even of these. With such caution it is fair to presume the demand from the United States, which even more than the opening of China is reviving her commerce, may prove progressive.

But I must return from my digression; the cabman is at the door, I hasten to refresh myself with a warm bath, for which I pay the price of three in Boston, and seek the little

* See note *H*, Appendix.

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steam tender, which is to convey us, and our trunks, to the Acadia.

We are now embarked, with fifty fellow passengers; the tender returns for the mails, and at five P. M. we weigh anchor, and run down the Mersey, with a wind and tide to the channel, where we find a smooth sea and pleasant sky. We bid adieu to England, the land of our fathers—rare compound of wealth and misery, wonderful achievements in science, and debasing ignorance, boundless charity, and equally boundless prejudices.

I remain yours, ever,

MASSACHUSETTS.

St. George's Channel, Sept. 17, 1843.

LETTER XXIX.

The Return Voyage — Our Company — The Endymion — American Authors in England — Western Farming — The Storm.

THE morning of Wednesday, September 20th, dawns upon us, as we run down the channel in the fast steamer Acadia, with a smooth sea, and light breezes from the westward. At noon, we have made one hundred and fifty miles. Letters from Paris have engaged one of the best inner state-rooms for my friend Mr. C. and myself. Our party at table is composed of Americans and English, who are soon on easy and social terms. Among our fifty passengers we recognize three who accompanied us from America, and greet them as old acquaintances. As evening approaches, some indications of a storm appear, and the officers of the ship house yards and top-masts.

Thursday, September 21. We lose sight of land, and are now on the broad deep; the sky is overcast, and we meet a long swell with light breezes from the westward. The speed of our steamer is eight and a half knots per hour. It is, however, but justice to these noble steamers, to remark that they do not attain their full speed until they are several days from port.

Upon the commencement of their voyage they are deep with coal, and the wheels are buried in the sea. As they become lighter, the speed increases from two to three knots per hour. Beside this, the Acadia is deep with goods, her freight list amounting to five thousand dollars.

During the day we observe many sails; in the evening the sea, broken by the wheels, is brilliant with phosphoric light; amid which is a beautiful show of porpoises, who for a long time run through the sparkling waters beside the ship, resembling the glittering serpents in an exhibition of fireworks.

Friday, September 22. The swell has subsided, and a pleasant breeze from the north fills our sails and hurries us along at the rate of ten knots per hour. As the morning advances, the breeze freshens and the sea rises. Soon after three, P. M., a large ship is seen in the distance, crossing our track. As we approach, she clues up a sail, as a signal she requires our aid. The passengers cluster upon deck, the steamer diverges a little from her course, various surmises are made as to the wants or misfortunes of the stranger, the steward is sent forward to break out the biscuit and provisions, and orders given to make ready to launch the boat. The dinner-bell rings, and is disregarded. As we slacken our speed, and run under the stern of the stranger, we read her name, the Endymion, of Hull. Our captain hails, and asks what is required; the anxiously awaited reply is, merely, 'What is the longitude?!!!' We smile, as we descend to a cold dinner, at the modest assurance which stops the queen's mail steamer to compare longitude. A land bird, which has followed us from the shore, disappears as we pass the Endymion.

Saturday, September 23. The sea is rough through the night, and the ship rolls heavily. I rise, but find myself no longer a good sailor; and pay, reluctantly, the forfeit incurred by nearly all who cross the deep. I determine, however, to retrieve my character as soon as may be, rise and walk the deck, and thus regain my spirits and appetite.

Sunday, September 24. The wind favors our passage. We pass several ships running under close-reefed top-sails. At ten, A. M., the Church Service is read by the captain.

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At one P. M. an army of porpoises spread over many acres of sea, incessantly springing from the water, crosses our bow.

Monday, September 25. The wind still favors us. At noon, this day, we have run two hundred and thirty miles, and are more than half way to Halifax. In the evening our bright prospects of a fine passage are overcast. The wind shifts to the westward, and begins to blow heavily with rain, and we lose an hour while we key up the engine and house top-masts. During the evening our speed falls to seven knots per hour, and we court reading for amusement. Among the light literature in the steamer, we find three cheap English reprints of popular American works, each stamped a shilling. They are, 'Two Years before the Mast,' by R. H. Dana, and the 'Pirate' and 'Captain Kyd,' by Ingraham. Thus our English friends, while solicitous for a copy-right in America, to protect their authors, are giving great currency to our own in England, without much respect to their equitable title to the profits. Perhaps the present state of the law will have at least this good effect, it will make the two nations better acquainted, by circulating the authors of the one country in the other at prices below those of the home-made works. In one respect, however, I observe England goes a step beyond America. When we republish English works in America, we give the author the credit of his production. This is not always the case abroad. A friend of mine, the Rev. Mr. Muzzey, who was in London at the same time with us, has recently published a work styled the 'Young Maiden,' with great success, in America; indeed, with such success, that he has gone abroad to republish it in London; but, on his arrival there, he finds the self-same volume, republished and in the second edition, under the title of the 'English Maiden,' with a preface from an author who has assumed the work. A similar fate has befallen the Greek Lexicon of our friend, Mr. Pickering, and the beautiful Poem on Curiosity, by Mr. Sprague. If nations cannot agree upon the question of right, the courts of honor should, at least, protect the laurels of the author.

Tuesday, September 26. A head sea retards our progress. The sky is clear, and the wind fresh from the west. The latter bears with it a weary land-bird, borne, probably, from the coast of Newfoundland, six hundred miles distant, who flutters about the deck, and is caught by a passenger. During the night the wind changes, and again favors our progress.

Wednesday, September 27. We wake to enjoy a smooth sea, with a light breeze from the southward, and are now on the Flemish Cap, near the Banks. The rain falls through the afternoon, which drives me from my favorite walk on the promenade-deck.

Thursday, September 28. Crossing the Banks of Newfoundland, the sea smooth and the sky unusually clear, I make many pleasant acquaintances among the passengers, and interchange words with all of them. Among them are two Baptist clergymen of Boston, intelligent men, who have made the tour of Europe, and have many singular incidents to relate. One of them, the Rev. Mr. N., has been imprisoned, on account of his religion, at Copenhagen, by the Lutherans in authority there. Before he was released, he was required to pledge himself not to preach a sermon at Copenhagen. With New England sagacity, he inquired if this pledge would preclude him from talking religion. On being told that it would not, he felt at liberty, before he left, to make an *extemporary address on religion* to the persecuted Baptists, assuring them of the countenance and aid of their brethren in America. One of our companions has been a farmer in Ohio. He gives me a vivid description of the fertility and rapid growth of the country. One of his neighbors settled at Lancaster, Ohio, with his four boys, in 1820. He had no capital, and purchased a quarter section on credit. In eighteen years he was out of debt, and proprietor of eight hundred acres, well fenced and suitably divided into wood tillage and pasturage. On this estate, without hiring labor, he cultivates annually one hundred acres in corn, eighty in wheat, twenty in oats, forty in grass for hay, and sells annually one thousand bushels of wheat, besides live stock. His property had become worth twenty-four thousand dollars.

Friday, Sept. 29. We are passing the

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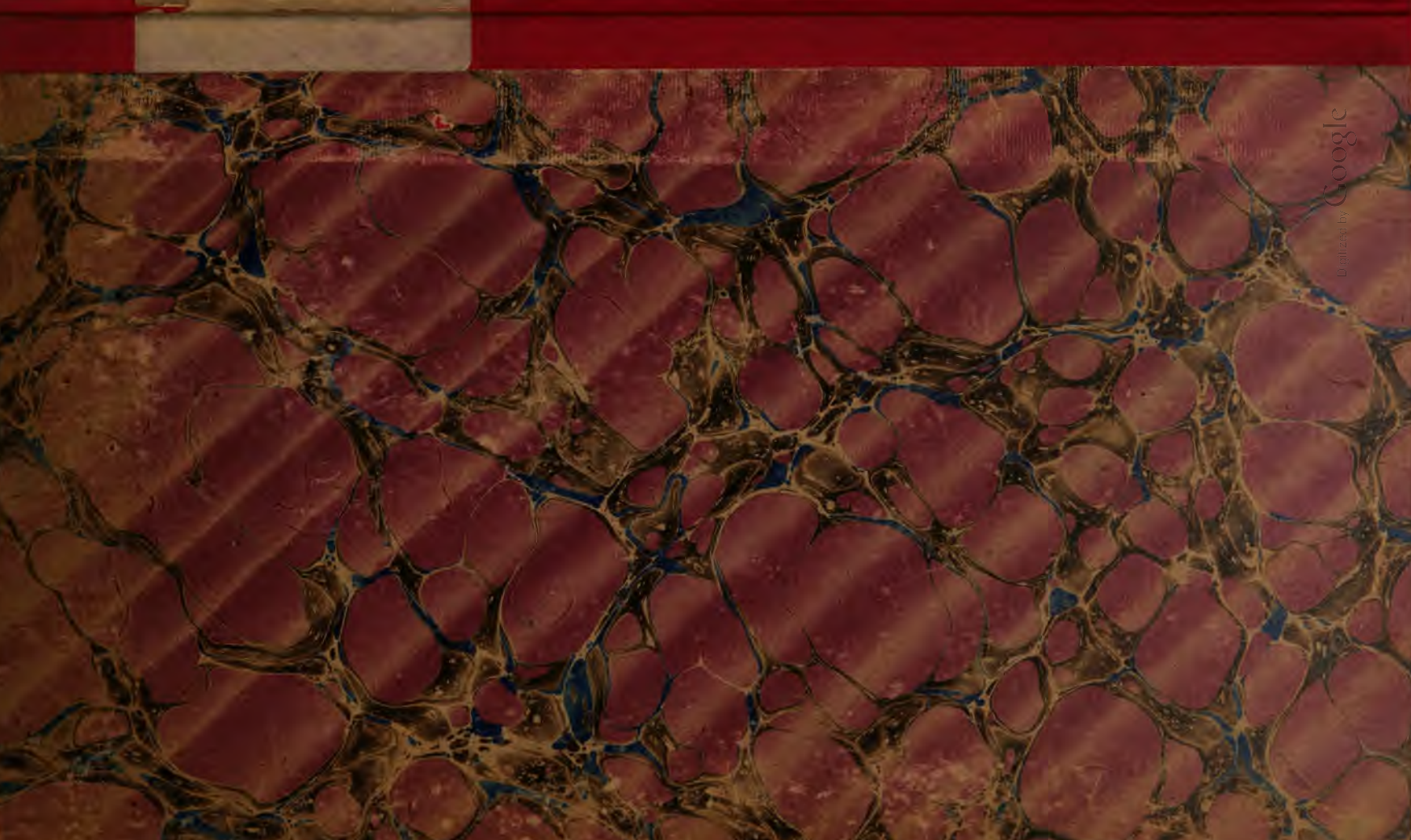
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